Malcolm Muggeridge: ROYAL SOAP OPERA

THE NEW

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The Other Business at Geneva

EVENTS in the Middle East are not on the agenda for next week's Geneva Conference. They will be discussed, as Mr. Dulles suggested to his press conference on Tuesday, only as informal "other business." The difference between such delicate discussions today and a year ago is that each side now assumes the other has abandoned the intention to use nuclear war. There are, however, uncomfortable consequences, as well as great relief, in this "agreement to differ." The first is the danger that, released from the nightmare of nuclear retribution, the great powers may play with fire. The second is that, if the Arab States are no longer so afraid of Soviet invasion, the cohesion and appeal of the West is greatly weakened. The Geneva spirit may even increase the danger of "little wars": it certainly increases Russia's opportunities to bedevil western interests.

For the West's position in the Middle East has not been based on any real appreciation of Arab sovereignty and aspirations, but on the price of oil and fear of Russia. It was in essence imperialist and strategic. Nothing could be easier than for Mr. Krushchev to play Old Harry with all this; he has simply to offer military and economic aid to the Arab countries. Thus reassured, the Muslim world can more easily give vent to its increasingly bitter anti-imperialist feelings.

The first result of this new Soviet diplomacy is that Colonel Nasser has been able to persuade Arab nationalists to look to Russia rather than to the West. The second is to create a situation of extreme danger on the frontiers of Israel, in which the Soviet bloc appears to champion the Arab cause. The British and Americans, on the other hand, cannot stand equally plainly as champions of Israel because their oil interests depend on Arab good will. If the Arabs are beginning to laugh at us, the Jews may thus grow to hate us. Thirdly, western strategy (and with it western oil interests) has been based latterly on the protective screen of the Turkey-Iraq-Pakistan alliance, a grouping which has always been bitterly resented by the other members of the Arab League. The Soviet Union seems to have succeeded in creating something like an "inner ring" of friendly (or at least neutrally minded) countries which makes nonsense of the Iraqi pact. Moreover, when the puppet government of Persia demonstrates in favour of the West by ostentatious adherence to the pact, the Russians can play another very powerful card by reminding the Persians of the Soviet right, under the 1921 treaty, to send in troops if Persia should become a base for military operations against the U.S.S.R. by a foreign power.

This disastrous series of setbacks for the West is so much due to the ineptitude of Anglo-American diplomacy that it might seem almost comic were the dangers less great. But the fact is that the U.S.S.R. has used the Geneva spirit to exploit western weakness to the point of endangering peace. The Egyptian arms deal has created a situation which may well develop into a regional war, unless checked by Four-Power agreement. But an agreement will not be forthcoming from Moscow without return. The Russians are now strong enough to bargain about what they consider the threat to their own security of the Iraqi pact and the U.S. air bases in Pakistan and Saudi Arabia; and there can be no doubt that, if Anglo-American policy in that part of the world remains merely one of strategic encirclement, the Russians will continue to exploit the Geneva spirit—to the end of totally disrupting both western strategy and oil supplies. Both parties to this diplomatic contest must now, however, realise that the risk of Geneva is the incentive it may give to the diplomatic warriors to go too far; that the alternative to a *modus vivendi* achieved by mutual concession may prove to be a "little war"; and that, as we saw in Korea, the dividing line between little and big wars is very fine.

Comments on the Week's News

Forecast for Geneva

Next Thursday, the western Foreign Ministers will return to Geneva in a sombre mood. They will doubtless succeed in keeping alive the conciliatory spirit so successfully created three months ago, but little progress is expected on the three main items on the agenda. The session of the U.N. Disarmament Sub-Committee, which ended in amiable deadlock, gave a taste of things to come, and President Eisenhower's letter to Marshal Bulganin, published in *Pravda* last Friday, indicates that the U.S. is still determined to press for Russian acceptance of the air-inspection plan—which now seems less likely than ever. At the end of last week, the Russians insisted on summoning the full Disarmament Commission, and they may conceivably produce a more satisfactory version of their May 10 plan when the Commission meets this week-end; but most U.N. observers believe that the object of any new Soviet proposals will merely be to regain the diplomatic initiative. Barring a surprise Russian move, the Conference will probably end by referring disarmament back to the Sub-Committee.

Scarcely more progress is likely on Germany and European security. Here, the western position has become much weaker in the last three months. The political decline of Dr. Adenauer—who has now lost his two-thirds majority in the Bundestag—means that the military clauses of the Paris Agreements are likely to remain a dead letter, and that he will be increasingly forced, as at Moscow, to come to terms with Russia to satisfy his critics at home. Russia thus stands to gain a great deal simply by waiting, and Geneva may well be the West's last chance to negotiate German reunification from a position of reasonable strength. It is possibly for this reason that the State Department is now discussing a new European security formula, which has been termed "Security on the Instalment Plan." What is meant by this ingenious phrase is not entirely clear, but it seems to be based on the principle that western guarantees would increase *pari passu* with Soviet concessions (free elections in East Germany, etc.); and it would be completed by a modified version of the Eden "neutral zone" plan. Such a formula, however, is unlikely to prove acceptable to Russia unless it also transforms the anti-Russian nature of Nato—which could be achieved only by the exclusion of West Germany.

Franco's Game in Morocco

Reports from Rabat and Tangiers confirm French accusations that the Moroccan rebels in the Riff are being actively assisted from the Spanish Zone. Khadek Torres, the Minister of Justice in the Spanish Zone, has now admitted that wounded tribesmen are being accommodated in Spanish hospitals and, after discharge, allowed to re-enter the French Zone. Equipment, including steel helmets and machine-guns, captured by the French is similar to that issued to Spanish colonial regiments, and in some cases the Spanish authorities also appear to have provided transport. All this is in accord with the policy deliberately pursued by Spain since General Valino was appointed High Commissioner in 1951. The basis of this policy is that the Moroccan nationalists—both the "reformists," led by Torres, and the extremists, led by Abd el Krim and Allal el Fassi—have agreed to accept the fiction of "self-government" in the Spanish Zone on the understanding that Valino will tolerate nationalist activities aimed at the French Zone. Valino no doubt calculates that the Spanish Zone will remain tranquil so long as French Morocco is in a state of open revolt. But his tactics are also in harmony with Franco's desire to appear as the western "interpreter" of the Arab world, by maintaining friendly contacts with the Arab nationalist leaders.

Zero Hour in the Saar

Everything indicates that next Sunday's referendum on the "Europeanisation" of the Saar will be a close thing. When, last October, Dr. Adenauer finally agreed to accept the Statute, all the experts assumed that there would be no difficulty in getting the Saarlanders to ratify it. As late as July, Dr. Hoffman, the Premier and leader of the Popular Party, calculated that over 60 per cent. would vote "yes". When the campaign began, however, the three German parties—Socialists, Right-wing Democrats and Christian Democrats—agreed to form a united front and campaign for a negative vote. Their task was made easier by two factors. First, the Statute itself is a complicated document which few Saarlanders have taken the trouble to master. It has therefore been easy for irredentist speakers to present the issue as a choice between a pro-German "no" and a pro-French "yes". Secondly, the Saarlanders are now enjoying political freedom for the first time in twenty years. To many of them, the Statute is simply an attempt to prolong the "occupation," and they regard a negative vote as a blow struck in the cause of Saar independence, though in point of fact it is the exact opposite. By playing on these sentiments, the irredentists succeeded in swinging round a majority of the voters, and by the beginning of September it was calculated that nearly 80 per cent. would vote "no".

At this point, Dr. Hoffmann decided to start campaigning in earnest. "Joho", as he is called, is probably the fattest statesman in Europe; he is verging on seventy, and has been a sick man for some time, but no one who has watched him in recent weeks would deny that he is an extremely energetic and effective campaigner. Speaking sometimes as many as eight times a day, and often under threats of violence, he has succeeded in stemming the irredentist tide, and some observers believe he would be sure of a positive majority if the campaign had another month to run. With polling on Sunday, however, it is doubtful if he will make it—and this may lead to complications. The arrangements for the referendum were made, rather foolishly, on the assumption that the ayes would have it. The pro-German parties are now hinting that if they win they will call upon the police of the W.E.U. Control Commission, supplied by Belgium and Luxemburg, to maintain order. The French, however, argue that the Franco-German agreement assumes that if the Statute is rejected the Saar will return to the *status quo ante*, and they believe themselves entitled to reoccupy the Saar, should the local police fail to maintain order. The situation is complicated by the fact that Dr. Adenauer can no longer rely on his own party over this issue. His increasing weakness—emphasised by the defection of the All-German Party last week-end—means that France cannot automatically count on his support if it comes to a showdown.

Labour and Social Security

The Labour conference debate on social security not only provided the best discussion of the week; it also faced the party squarely, for the first time, with the case against the present system of financing pensions and other benefits. Mr. Bevan, Mr. Blenkinsop and Mr. Crossman made it quite clear that the political wing of the movement is willing to abandon the fiction of "insurance" and flat-rate benefits. Now that the subsistence principle has been finally jettisoned by the present Government, and there is no longer any actuarial relationship between contributions and benefits, the present scheme is both arbitrary and, so far as pensions are concerned, socially unsatisfactory. As Mr. Blenkinsop pointed out, the growth of private pensions schemes means that there is not equality in old age but a widening gap between those who rely solely on State pensions (supplemented by National Assistance) and those fortunate enough to enjoy private superannuation. The objective of any reform in our pension structure should be to cushion the fall from working to retirement income, and in the end this is bound to mean some form of percentage tax and pensions related to income. Any change of this kind, however, is opposed by trade union interests lest it lead, first, to some form of means test and, secondly, to the loss of "benefit as of right" and its replacement by benefits that fluctuate at the whim of the Treasury. A new scheme can meet such objections. But before it can be understood some of the trade union leaders will have to learn certain facts about social security finance. Sir Alfred Roberts, for instance, seems to believe that there really is a National Insurance Fund, comparable to the investments of a private insurance company. In fact, if the Fund has a surplus in any year, this is simply a form of saving, and if there is a deficit it has anyway to be met out of current revenue. Each year, the nation must distribute what it produces, and the poll-taxes and benefits are only a book-keeping arrangement, designed originally to make social insurance politically acceptable. Such points could be made again and more clearly if the Labour Party in Parliament would insist on the long-overdue debate on the Phillips Report.

Cars and Markets

The opening of the Motor Show is always the occasion for the big manufacturers to restate their case. This year, fearing that purchase tax may soon be increased, they are insisting that it should be reduced: without an expanding home market, they claim, the industry cannot carry the overheads and development costs of its export business. In fact, home registrations in the first six months of this year were 261,000 against 196,000 for the same period in 1954, and the home market still claims more than half total

NEXT WEEK

Readers' Questionnaire

First results of our recent questionnaire

The Soviet Stage Goes Human

ALEXANDER WERTH

output—running this year at a rate of more than 800,000. Moreover, 85 per cent. of the cars sold at home go to business buyers, who receive tax allowances and are not likely to be greatly affected by a tax increase ranging from thirty to a hundred pounds, according to the size of car. The second part of the campaign—not much has been said recently about the petrol tax—is a demand for the improved roads "we motorists have paid for." The emphasis thus given to home sales confirms what contemporary car design also suggests: though exports are considered important by the larger firms, home sales come first and export sales are not a priority but a supplement to them. For British cars are losing ground to German and French vehicles, not because they are defective in quality or overpriced, but because their style and traditional design meet British rather than export demands. No one denies that the motor industry faces a real dilemma, when half of its production goes to markets as diverse as Switzerland, the U.S. and Australia. But its political lobbying crudely reflects its dual interest: when it is a question of importing sheet steel from hard-currency sources, it pleads exports; when it talks of purchase tax, an expanding home market is demanded as the price of efficiency.

Health Centres for Harlow

Nuffield money has already paid for the first three health centres in Harlow, and the Nuffield Provincial Hospitals Trust has now advanced a further £200,000 to cover the cost of two industrial health centres and one for the county medical services. When completed, these six centres will give Harlow the first comprehensive system of health centres in the country. Their experience —together with that of the factory-financed Industrial Health Service, which starts next month—will be closely watched both by advocates and opponents of the health centres originally envisaged by the National Health Service. Although the Harlow centres are not exactly the same as the Service proposed—how can they be when this is a privately supported and local enterprise?—they should at least teach valuable lessons about group practice supported by proper clerical and technical facilities. In this respect, as in some others, Harlow is ahead of the other New Towns: all of them, however, prove the same point. Though good progress has been made with housing and industry, the chance is being lost for imaginative development of amenities, education and health services, and there is an acute shortage of hospital space.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Paris

Left, Right, Left

Our Paris Correspondent writes: The way in which M. Faure got the Left to vote for him over Morocco and the Right over Algeria may not have been strictly ethical; but it was a brilliant display of political gymnastics. His manœuvres began on the morning of October 6, the day before the Moroccan debate, when he called on M. Mendès-France at home. The two men had scarcely been on speaking terms since Faure's Government was formed; now, M. Faure said, he had called on his old friend to explain to him, *à coeur ouvert*, that he had finally made up his mind to hesitate no longer, and force through a progressive policy in North Africa. An hour later, he threw the four Gaullist Ministers out of his Cabinet; and the speech with which he introduced the debate was a model of liberal good sense. First victory: Mendès-France tore up the Philipic he had planned to deliver, the Left voted with the Government, and M. Faure romped home with the astonishing majority of 474.

Immediately the vote was announced M. Faure began buttonholing Right-wing deputies. The formation of the Moroccan Regency Council, he told them, was going to be postponed. When the Algerian debate began, he made a speech in which the words "firmness", "patriotism" and "resolution" were skilfully mingled to suit Right-wing taste. As the debate went on, however, it began to look as though the second stage of M. Faure's plan had gone wrong. The wild men of the Right made it clear that they were determined to force the issue and bring down the Government come what may. On Friday evening M. Faure was twice defeated on procedural votes, and he was finally forced to make the issue one of confidence—which meant postponing the vote till Tuesday. During the week-end, therefore, he turned to the Left again. This time, he did not go round to Mendès-France; instead, he invited a Left-wing Catholic journalist—well-known for his sympathies with the Algerian nationalists—to come and visit him. He explained to the journalist that the speech he had made the day before did not represent his true sentiments: it had been written by the Minister of the Interior, he had scarcely read it before leaving for the Assembly, and he had realised too late that it contained passages unacceptable to the Left. He therefore proposed, he said, to make an additional declaration just before the vote, which would include a reference to "free elections in Algeria." He added that he had reason to believe that if the Government fell, the *colons* and the generals would take matters into their own hands in Algeria.

Immediately after this conversation, it was announced that the Regency Council had at last been formed. True, General Boyer de la Tour did his best to ruin the gesture in the eyes of the nationalists by adding to the original three members a fourth notorious for his pro-French sympathies. Nevertheless, it was unquestionably a step in the right direction; and Faure followed it up by giving the Socialists a definite promise that if he survived the Algerian vote, he would dismiss Boyer de la Tour and several other generals who had disobeyed orders from Paris. These manœuvres were only partly successful. Mendès-France agreed to vote for the Government again, and his decision probably swung over about thirty deputies. The Socialists plumped for a compromise dear to the hearts of French politicians: they decided to vote against themselves, but their spokesman urged the other deputies to vote in favour.

M. Faure, of course, was helped by the diplomatic time-table—like so many of his predecessors. With the Saar referendum on Sunday, and the Geneva Conference next week, it was unthinkable that France should be without a government. Besides, if the present government found it almost impossible to impose its policy on the extremists in North Africa, what would happen if there were no government at all? These arguments carried weight with a good many Right-wing deputies, and M. Faure drove home the point by adding that France had walked out of the U.N. in defence of her North African interests; a vote against the Government would be tantamount to a disavowal of the gesture in the eyes of the world. He thus succeeded in winning back three-quarters of his old majority. But the vote was essentially an artificial one. M. Faure knows perfectly well that his Government is doomed, that the situation in North Africa is deteriorating, and that there is very little he can do about it. The only reason why he fought so desperately to stay in office was because his entire political career was at stake. It is one thing for a French premier to be overthrown; it is quite another to antagonise every section of the Assembly. Now he can use the last weeks of his government to take out a political insurance policy with either the Left or the Right. Which one he will choose is anyone's guess.

Washington

Harriman v. Stevenson ?

Our American Correspondent writes from Washington: Now that President Eisenhower's almost certain removal from the 1956 election has considerably brightened Democratic chances, a bout of furious in-fighting between potential Democratic nominees has opened. Mr. Stevenson is not going to have it all his own way. The candidacy of Averell Harriman has received a strenuous push in the last week or two. Mr. Truman, whose counsels still count for much in Democratic circles, seems to have lost some of his previous enthusiasm for Stevenson. Although earlier he had asserted quite categorically that he was all for Adlai, he has now stated that he is neutral in his preferences. Since this statement came immediately after he had praised Harriman at a Democratic rally in Albany, observers now assume that he is really for Averell. Harriman himself has now made the curious assertion that his thrice-repeated "I'm for Stevenson" over the last few months does not mean that he is supporting Stevenson for the nomination. Carmine de Sapio, New York's Democratic boss and the man chiefly responsible for Harriman's elevation to Governor of New York State, has not been trapped by such inconsistencies. He has all along been pushing Harriman's cause on the national scene—and thus, incidentally, his own. He has now gone to the West Coast in an attempt to gather support there for the New York Governor. The latter's close association with de Sapio has some disadvantages. As the leader of Tammany, de Sapio's name probably does not sit too well with important segments of the public, particularly with independent voters. Tammany is merely the popular name for the official Democratic organisation in the Manhattan borough of New York City. However, in the past Tammany has been so closely aligned with political corruption and the rule of bosses that de Sapio has been having difficulty convincing people that it has been cleaned up. The main advantage for Harriman in having de Sapio working for him is that he is a brilliant political manipulator.

It is possible that the clash between the Harriman and Stevenson forces will lead to an impasse at the nominating convention and that a third aspirant will benefit. At the moment, Senator Kefauver is probably the next-most-important contender. He has been abroad all summer, but when he returned to Washington this week he found that a Kefauver-for-President headquarters had already been established. He is so unpopular with the party leaders, because he is not considered a good organisation man, that his only chance is to make himself so popular with the public that he must be taken seriously.

Afterthoughts on Margate

When Aneurin Bevan brought the private session of the Margate Conference to its feet in a "Welsh five minutes," he proved once again that he is the key to the Labour Party's dilemma. That dilemma is fundamentally one of policy but it is being expressed at the moment in terms of the battle for leadership. It was that battle which dominated this year's Conference. Serious policy discussion and argument were almost entirely abandoned as the contestants for leadership paraded in their ideological bikinis, manœuvring to give the judges a more favourable view.

Mr. Bevan's outburst in the private session was significant because it was so ill-timed. The ovation which delegates gave him was an expression of their relief that the old lion had come back into the arena again. Yet as soon as the excitement had died away, rejoicing gave way to regret. He had roared magnificently; but he had put himself farther from the leadership than ever. It was as if he had returned to the arena merely to prove his contempt for the fight. Yet the picture is not quite as simple as that. For the man who had come to Margate smarting under his defeat for the treasurership and vowing that there was nothing to do at the Conference except to expose it as a "charade," ended by lifting its debates to the highest level with a brilliantly reasoned speech—on national insurance.

Even at his worst moments Mr. Bevan can command an allegiance which his enemies cannot afford to ignore. Talk of his expulsion, which was once again revived at Margate, is the folly of men who are out of touch with, or contemptuous of, the rank-and-file. Certain union leaders (and not only the big three) openly affirm that the party will never be welded into a viable unity until Mr. Bevan has been turned out of it. These men believed, last May, that their chance had come, and Mr. Gaitskell was unwise enough to display himself on their side. It was Mr. Attlee who foiled this plan, not because, as some trade unionists contemptuously declared, he was "weak," but because he knew that expulsion would ruinously divide the party on the eve of an election. If Mr. Attlee still offers himself for leadership, when his own personal preference is clearly to retire, it will be because he still cannot be sure that he would not hand over power to an execution squad. The insulting invitations to stand down in favour of a younger man, so openly addressed to him by interested parties during the Conference, are in Mr. Attlee's case only likely to toughen his resolve to carry on.

Nonetheless, his innocent interview with Mr. Percy Cudlipp a few weeks ago has clearly unsettled the party and sharpened the desire of many to settle the succession issue once and for all. This natural inclination towards finality has been increased by a mellowing of the party's mood; the election results have impressed all sections of the movement with some of the merits of unity. In obedience to this mood, Mr. Gaitskell has been moving steadily, if not to the Left Centre position which Mr. Attlee declared a leader must occupy, at least to a greater independence of the Right. His obvious desire to promote Mr. Wilson to the position of party manager is only one sign of this; he has been showing a new willingness to discuss ideas on their merits, even when they come from sources once automatically taboo. Indeed, Mr. Gaitskell himself is now becoming suspect even to some of the Right-wing trade unionists who elevated him to the treasurership; and dark hints were heard at Margate that, while Mr. Gaitskell may be the man to collect the cheques, Mr. Morrison might be a safer bet to distribute the portfolios.

It is these rumours which set Mr. Morrison sparkling at Margate, and stimulated Mr. Gaitskell into a speech of unexpected emotional warmth. But though the delegates responded to both of them, they were not diverted from the grievance which Mr. Bevan still expresses—the grievance of being treated as a poor relation (and not too sound in the head at that) by the large trade unions. There is no sign that the local parties have wavered over the past year in their loyalty to Mr. Bevan, despite the fact that the drop in his vote for the Treasurership is not fully accounted for by the defection of U.S.D.A.W. and the N.U.R. The uncertainty whether he would stand again, and his failure to explain his reasons for doing so until the very eve of the Conference, baffled and divided his own followers.

But the constituency parties were hungry for a lead and, if they needed anything to revive their resentment against the bloc vote, they got it in the defeat of Mr. Geoffrey Bing, their sole representative on the Conference Arrangements Committee. This body is elected by the whole Conference with the duty of defending delegates' interests against the National Executive. Mr. Bing had served on it for two years with unquestioned ability and impartiality; yet he was dropped in favour of an official of the Transport and General Workers' Union as part of an inter-union deal which secured a seat on the National Executive for the nominee of the A.E.U.

To the union leaders the sacrifice of Mr. Bing may appear a triviality, but it helps to feed a deep cynicism in the party which neither Mr. Morrison's quips nor Mr. Gaitskell's ability can eradicate. Nor could delegates fail to notice that, even in his much applauded statement of personal faith, Mr. Gaitskell reserved his enthusiasm for nationalisation for the past, while being markedly cautious about the future. His doctrine was far removed from Mr. Bevan's simply enunciated principle that it is the function of a Socialist

Waiting for Godot

party to put private enterprise in the dock, and make it justify why it should *not* be taken into public ownership. The active Party workers, on the other hand, who have the job of bringing voters to the poll, remain—despite Mr. Gaitskell's pragmatic approach to the electorate—stubbornly convinced that Socialism is synonymous with social ownership.

Delegates therefore left the conference with troubled hearts. Though an increasing number of them, for want of a practical alternative, are reluctantly prepared to consider a marriage of convenience with Mr. Gaitskell, Mr. Bevan remains their real love. If they consider deserting him for another now, it is because they doubt whether he really wants to be led to the altar. Far from being obsessed with personal ambition, he seems to scorn anything which might savour of personal promotion. Yet, if he will not woo the Labour Party, neither will he passively see it lost to another.

It is this uncertainty which hangs like a cloud over the prospects of the next few months. In the dilemma of the British Labour Party is symbolised the dilemma of social democracy. Is it still a world force or has it spent its political momentum and entered into a period of inevitable decline? Faced with the problem of selling Socialism to an electorate sluggish from a diet of welfare state, a number of Labour's leaders secretly believe the task to be impossible. Yet the party is still nominally committed to the belief that our economic system must be transformed if we are to create new social relations. It would be a tragedy if this belief were to go by default, because the issues at stake within the party had not been crystallised. Mr. Bevan, who has consistently fought for this belief, can do more, when he chooses, to relate bread and butter issues to fundamental principle than any man in politics today. If he will spend his energies on this in the next few months, the party will be able to choose its leadership fully aware of the policy commitments involved.

The Creeping Censorship

On July 27 of this year, the Postmaster General, Dr. Hill, sent formal directions to the B.B.C. under Clause 15 (4) of the B.B.C. Licence agreement dated June 12th, 1952, and to the ITA under the Television Act, 1954, requiring that each of them should not "on any issue arrange discussions or *ex parte* statements which are to be broadcast during a period of a fortnight before the issue is debated in either House or while it is being so debated," and that when legislation is introduced on any subject, (they) should not, on such subject, arrange broadcasts by any Member of Parliament which are to be made "while the legislation is taking its course." To help in carrying out this ukase, the Postmaster General said in letters to Sir Alexander Cadogan and Sir Kenneth Clark that the Corporation and the Authority would be expected "to keep in touch with the Government Whip's Office who will be glad to help them in this matter in every way."

The decision to take radio debate by the throat was not Dr. Hill's. The general authority and direction of broadcasting policy is vested, as the White Paper Cmd. 8550 affirms, in the Prime Minister. The Postmaster General, inheriting an already formulated decision, has been an instrument not a mover. He must take his share of the party leaders' total guilt. But his executive measure should not allow him to become a lightning conductor absorbing the public indignation which will certainly grow when it realises in full the nature of the encroachment on the right of free speech. The responsibility lies wholly with the Government; the guilt with the party caucuses.

The right of free speech implies the right to be wrong. It implies the right to differ from authority, the right to be a noncomformist and the right to argue and preach in public. The right of free speech is not a right merely to be exercised by elected representatives in Parliament; it is the right of the people to discuss on any platform the issues on which Parliament may make decisions. Discussion in Parliament is different from discussion in any of the other forums of public opinion in that parliamentary discussion is always on a motion that must lead to action: debate and *ex parte* argument in the press and on the radio, by contrast, is merely an act of democratic rumination.

There is, therefore, no real matter of competition between, say, broadcast discussion on the one hand and parliamentary debate on the other. But there is undoubtedly competition between politicians for the public's ear and eye. Politicians, like actresses, are a jealous lot. "Jolly good speech," they will beam to a successful colleague. And under their breath they will add, "Dammit!" This understandable and instinctive jealousy has, however, become more complex since radio and TV offer instantaneous personal advertisement which the old-time political headline hunter, or even the Member of solid worth, could only hope in the past to equal after years.

Sir Winston Churchill needs nothing for his further fame. Yet it was impossible not to feel that when during the first Parliamentary questionings on the 14-day rule he turned on Boothby and referred to him objurgatively as that "star of television," he was experiencing something of the uneasiness of a fading prima donna of the silent films confronted by a *vedette* of the talkies. No politician will ever admit that he is moved by partial prejudices. Does not Parliament pray each day to be guarded from such motives? The agile mind is quick to rationalise a prejudice and make a virtue of a flaw. Sometimes the rationalisation is deliberate; at other times, it is subconscious. Thus the demand of a political caucus for conformity is disguised as a demand for loyalty, while intolerance of other people's taste is tarted up as a plea for good taste.

So it seems to be with the 14-day rule. The men of the 19th century don't like the new medium of television. They are inept in it; they don't quite understand it; it is sinister, vulgar and menacing. Therefore, it must be tamed and made domestic not to Parliament but to the party machines. For—mark this!—Parliament wasn't consulted about Dr. Hill's direction. The muted Private Members had no chance to give their views on the insulting suggestion that the British people is so politically immature that it can't be trusted to hear even misguided opinions or to look at heretical backbenchers within the magic period when Parliament is preparing judgment.

Now the B.B.C. and ITA must go to the Whips for information on what's going to be talked about in Parliament a fortnight hence. "The issue to be debated"—note the lawyer's word, "issue." Not the subject but the issue. An issue is presumably a matter in contention between the parties while a subject may be anything. What room for confusion and opportunity for interpretation! But as everyone knows, the Whips themselves don't know Parliament's business a fortnight ahead. A subject, or even an issue, may be raised as a matter of urgency in certain circumstances without even the Leader of the House having prior knowledge. If the issue had, in fact, been debated in a broadcast, the B.B.C. and the ITA would only be acquitted in the absence of a *mens rea*.

No one can doubt that the authors and sponsors of the Government's most illiberal direction, whichever party they belong to, know very well that it is in a high degree unworkable. Had it been presented as a Bill rather than as a fiat, Parliament would have torn it to bits and thrown it back at those who presented it. What is most deplorable, however, in this direction, is not so much that it is designed to control as that it is intended to intimidate. "Keep in touch with the Whips"—the Whips will guide you. Members of Parliament! Representatives of the People! You shall not broadcast during the taboo period nor steal your leaders' thunder.

But by this new rule, the party caucuses have gone further than to discipline Members of Parliament. They have disciplined the nation. They have shown clearly that despite their sanctimonious protestations at the possibility of ill-informed demagogues abusing the opportunities of radio, they are themselves already guilty of an offence against the right of free speech. They have infected yet another organ of discussion with the creeping censorship. Today, the B.B.C. and the ITA feel the squeeze. Who knows whether tomorrow it might not be thought proper to limit discussion in newspapers with circulations of, say, over two million a day? Back-benchers of all parties would do well to realise that in resisting this new rule, they are not only defending the dignity of the Private Member: they are preventing the establishment of an evil precedent.

MAURICE EDELMAN

London Diary

"If Eisenhower is unable to run again," an American friend wrote to me this week, "we are in for the most interesting election race of the century." He did not share the Democrats' optimism that any candidate they put up could beat any Republican except Eisenhower. "True, Nixon has fallen out with the party bosses in California—and a candidate who can't control his own State delegation is in a weak position. True, too, he is no longer trusted by the diehards since he disembarrassed himself of the McCarthyites and the China Lobby; true that he hasn't yet worked his passage with the Eisenhower wing of the party. All the same, he could easily prove very tough to beat if he really switches to the Eisenhower line." I received this letter just before I read Nixon's speech last Tuesday. He is no longer talking the geopolitical jargon that has been so popular with the anti-Communist crusaders; to read his latest remarks you would think he had never heard of "massive retaliation." Believe it, if you can, he is now hopeful about the Geneva talks and suggests that Eisenhower's foreign policy "gives the best chance of peace"; he is very hard on the irresponsible men who bluster about preventive war. Nixon has a great deal of ability, and is untroubled by questions of principle. Certainly it is a sign of the changed mood of America that he has now decided that the prodigal son has more chance to inherit than ninety-nine impeccable rivals who have never strayed.

I shall best remember Thomas Jones as Chairman of that little private lunch club called the R.S.G. where we used to meet every Tuesday to consume omelettes, cheese and beer. Everything was strictly off the record. J. J. Mallon told us anecdotes, C. K. Munro, playwright and civil servant, used to open up with some provocatively naive question which set everyone arguing. Edward Thompson used to get excited, and Walter Elliot would let himself go in magnificent bursts of eloquence. He and Sir Wilfred Eady and Tom Jones would get deep into the problem of unemployment and hunger in South Wales. In November, 1933, T.J. wrote an anonymous profile of Elliot to go with Low's cartoon in this journal. It was a good example of T.J.'s style. He wrote, "The effect of his conversation is like that of changing a £1 note before a machine on the underground. A button is pressed, and out come tumbling silver and copper coin in confusion. You gather them up in faith and hope they add up all right." The best thing was to start T.J. reminiscing; he would imitate L.G. toying with his glasses, discussing in Welsh how best to score off De Valera who was stumbling over another Celtic language he did not then know. Or there was another story about Lloyd George and Smuts, "the two peasants in the Cabinet" as T.J. said, who stood firm when things looked blackest in March, 1918. T.J. was discretion itself, as befitted a Secretary of the Cabinet, but everyone knew who had inspired Baldwin's "peace and harmonium" speeches with quotations from Tawney's *Acquisitive Society*. No one was ever as good at getting money for good causes; no one ever straddled so wide and varied a circle of friends; no one ever knew better than he the tricks of an *éminence grise*. He was not always sure in what direction to use his influence. He went on a luckless mission to Germany with Lloyd George. He was much too close an intimate of the Astors to avoid being tarred with the Cliveden brush. I should say that apart from a vague liberalism, he had no politics; instead he substituted an active interest in a hundred good causes from education, Harlech and Aberystwyth University, to saving the countryside from the War Office, fine printing, and seeing to it as far as possible that important jobs were filled by people not unsuited to them. The last thing he wrote was a charming account of his early education in a Welsh village, which was published in the *Journal of Education* for last June. The most caustic thing he wrote was a devastating (and strictly anonymous) analysis of his own country, published as a supplement to the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION in July, 1935, and republished by us as a threepenny pamphlet with the title *What's Wrong With South Wales?*

* * *

It is not only in Communist countries that people are shut up in terrible conditions for long periods and for political reasons. Appalling accounts have reached me of arrests, torture, exile, and execution in Persia. I hear similar things about political prisons in Iraq, and correspondents have sent me bitter complaints about prison conditions in Egypt. According to letters that have reached me, the concentration camp at Abou Zaabal contains a miscellaneous crowd of political prisoners, including not only Muslim Brothers and Communists but also Wafdists, Socialists, and democrats of many shades. The accounts I have read of prison life not only at Abou Zaabal but also in Cairo and Alexandria are shocking. I can well believe one prisoner's description of what it must be like in the suffocating heat in the desert, packed tight in tents, with little water, savage discipline and complete isolation from any means of redress. The Egyptian Government has thrown out an incompetent and corrupt regime, but it has not yet created anything more than a makeshift political and economic alternative. I have no means of knowing whether all these allegations of police barbarities are true, but such things happen in every State unless there are recognised legal safeguards for minorities.

* * *

I am intrigued by reports that even Communist capitals have their counterparts to our Teddy Boys, though in Prague, I'm told, they are called "belts" and in Moscow and Sofia their nickname is "swings." There they are—so a friend recently back from Eastern Europe tells me—with their hair curled on the nape of the neck, long coats and tight trousers, standing under the lamps at the street corners, tapping out the tunes they whistle. "But," I asked, "how do such fashions cross the Iron Curtain, when none of these young men can see Western newspapers?" My friend had been puzzled by the same question. He had one suggestion. The satirical papers, such as *Krokodil* in Moscow, are always publishing cartoons attacking such "degenerate" dress and behaviour. Presumably these youths buy such papers to see what the well-dressed spiv is wearing.

* * *

On a recent Sunday morning in Petticoat Lane I watched a young man speaking, quite inaudibly among the din, from a rostrum labelled "Catholic Evidence Guild." The market crowd was enormous, but the young man spoke in a little circular desert surrounded by preoccupied backs; and in the course of a long ten minutes not one person so much as glanced round at him. The sacred right of free speech carries with it no right to an audience. I often encounter the legal view that it includes no right even to a pitch on any highway, and that the police can lawfully disperse any street meeting whenever they think fit; but I gather that at Trafalgar Square, Hyde Park, Tower Hill and similar places a long period of Police toleration (or inactivity) has nourished some sort of prescriptive Common Law right—in some cases implicitly supported by official regulations about times and conditions of meeting. Opposite this office, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, this situation has been developing for about thirty years, and is now complicated by the fact that the Parking Places Regulations, which give motorists a statutory right to two hours' accommodation, are coming into conflict with the so-called Common Law right of the speakers and the convenience of their crowds. We may hear something of this when the case of Mr. John D'Arcy, of the Socialist Party of Great Britain, comes up on remand at Bow Street on November 14. He was arrested on October 4 in Lincoln's Inn Fields because he insisted on addressing a meeting at a spot where his crowd would have obstructed the car park. It's an old battle, the car park being merely a new element. We need to take care that the British genius for compromise doesn't tempt us to believe that injustice, when it is halved, becomes justice.

* * *

A writer of my acquaintance was recently offered a job in the Central Office of Information. He did not ask for it—it was offered to him out of the blue. After he had accepted he was told that certain references were needed and that this would mean a delay. When he pointed out that these could be quickly taken up, the official admitted that "references" meant, in fact, a security check. My friend then said, "There is no need to beat about the bush. I used to be a Communist, but resigned from the party, and explained in published articles why I did so. I am now a Labour Party candidate." After three weeks' delay, the offer of the job was withdrawn from him. MI.5 had vetoed it. This would be intelligible if the job had involved any access to secret or "classified information", but the job was to edit or write informative pamphlets. This silliness would not have occurred, I believe, before the Burgess and Maclean exposure. Ridicule is likely to turn our secret service wallahs into inverted Micawbers waiting for people to turn down.

CRITIC

Ballade of Unbearable Suspenses

Lord Goddard, with his colleagues twain,
Surveyed a sausage on a tray
Some definition to obtain—
Was it a sausage? Yea or nay?
Can sausages be made of clay,
Of spikenard or frankincense?
Forensic wisdom said they may
And put an end to our suspense.

Does anthropology sustain
The heresy that shocked S.A.?
Are white yahoos, as some maintain,
Nearer to apes than black or grey?
I find the thesis rather gay,
Though Strijdom is a trifle tense—
Witwatersrand, more facts, I pray,
And put an end to our suspense!

British and Russians meet again
To drink and talk and laugh and play;
Why can't Montgomery refrain
From acting like The Stag at Bay?
If Peace had really come to stay
Less panic talk were true Defence—
Can't Monty see he's had his day
And put an end to our suspense?

ENVOI

Princess, whatever bishops say,
Both sentiment and common sense
Demand that you should have your way
And put an end to our suspense.

REGINALD REYNOLDS

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Organisers of a coming charity ball have decided to turn down an undertaker's offer of a free funeral as a prize for the spot dance.—*Sunday Dispatch*. (W. J. Johnson.)

Public conveniences for dogs should be set up in streets and squares, the National Canine Defence League urges. In its journal it suggests the name "dog pennies." . . . "The idea of a convenience for dogs may sound amusing. Conveniences for human beings were an amusing idea only 50 years ago, and in some of our large cities at that."—*News Chronicle*. (J. B. Rolt.)

In outposts throughout the world Britons have stood guard fortified by such exhilarating dishes as Hot Pot, Tripe and Onions and Pig's Head. Our stomachs then were steeled and hardened by the spirit of our forebears who thrived on bacon bones, giblets, cods' heads, oxtails and bread and dripping. —*Star*. (Kathleen Childs.)

Forty-three-year-old Mrs. M— H——, fined £5 at Lambeth yesterday for stealing a 6s. 6d. slice of veal from a Brixton self-service store, said: "The public should be protected from this kind of shop. They put temptation in your way, then the blame is put on you, and not the shop."—*Daily Express*. (R. C. Gillis.)

Royal Soap Opera

THERE probably are quite a lot of people—more than might be supposed—who, like myself, feel that another newspaper photograph of a member of the royal family will be more than they can bear. Even Princess Anne, a doubtless estimable child, becomes abhorrent by constant repetition. Already she has that curious characteristic gesture of limply holding up her hand to acknowledge applause. The Queen Mother, the Duke of Edinburgh, Nanny Lightbody, Group Captain Townsend—the whole show is utterly out of hand, and there is a much graver danger than might superficially appear that a strong reaction against it may be produced.

This attitude of adulatory curiosity towards the royal family is, of course, something quite new. *Punch* in the nineteenth century made full use, for instance, of the rich vein of satirical material provided by the Royal Dukes, and in our own time Max Beerbohm found the reigning monarch a natural subject, along with all the eminent, for caricature. All this was very healthy. It presupposed a respect for the institution of monarchy, and a sense that the incumbents were, like us all, mortal men and women. Let us beware lest, in adulating the incumbents, in insulating them from the normal hazards of public life, we jeopardise the institution. It is, of course, true that the present royal family are much more respectable than most of their Hanoverian ancestors, and therefore lend themselves less to satire. But to put them above laughter, above criticism, above the workaday world, is, ultimately, to dehumanise them and risk the monarchy dying of acute anaemia.

It may be argued that it is the general public who require this adulation of the royal family, and that the newspapers, magazines and the B.B.C., in catering for it, are merely meeting the public's requirement in this, as they do in any other field. Undoubtedly it is true that a picture in colour of the Queen or Princess Margaret is a circulation-builder. Equally undoubtedly it is true that the unspeakable Crawfie, and all the other dredgers up of unconsidered trifles in the lives of members of the royal family, down to and including Godfrey Winn, provide popular features. It may even be true (though there is no means of proving this) that those portentous, unctuous B.B.C. announcements, with "the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh" rolled off the tongue like a toastmaster at a particularly awesome Guildhall banquet—that even these are liked by listeners. Personally, I came to feel, during the recent royal tour, that it was better to sacrifice the news than endure them.

The fact remains that tedious adulation of the royal family is bad for them, for the public, and ultimately for the monarchical institution itself. Is there anything that can be done to check it? One step would be for the royal family to provide themselves with an efficient public relations set-up in place of the rather ludicrous courtiers who now function as such. This would enable information and photographs to be channelled out in a controlled, instead of haphazard, manner. It would also, if astutely conducted, check some of the worst abuses in the way of invasion of privacy and sheer impertinence. An experienced public relations operator knows how to distribute and withhold favours in such a manner as to maintain some measure of control over those with whom he deals. Also, he knows how to advise those on whose behalf he acts. When, for instance, this Townsend business first started it would have been his duty to convince the royal family that it was essential to make some sort of statement at once, frankly explaining the situation. Otherwise, he would have urged, there was bound to be an orgy of vulgar and sentimental speculation which could not but, in the long run, damage the whole standing and status of everyone concerned. After all, if we are to accept that the Crown is useful constitutionally even though deprived of all real power, it must be maintained with some dignity. A Lord Chancellor who was constantly providing material for the commoner sort of magazine and newspaper feature would soon be considered unsuitable for his high office. Likewise a Speaker of the House of Commons or a Lord Chamberlain. How much more, then, is this true of the royal family?

Of course it is not their fault, though I suspect that they develop a taste for the publicity, which, in theory, they find so repugnant. This is merely human. It applies in one form or another to everyone. Even a tiny television notoriety is liable to please, or at any rate excite, when all one's conscious being finds it vulgar and odious. At the same time, the royal family ought to be properly advised on how to prevent themselves and their lives from becoming a sort of royal soap opera. They need far more of such advice, and far less of Cecil Beaton and Baron.

Nothing is more difficult than to maintain the prestige of an institution which is accorded the respect and accoutrements of power without the reality. The tendency for such an institution to peter out in pure fantasy is very great. It is like the king in chess. If he ventures into the middle of the board the game is lost. He has to be kept in the background and ringed round with pieces more powerful than himself. Indeed, in a sense it could be said that popularity is fatal to monarchy. The Russian monarchy was never so popular, or treated to such scenes of insensate adulation as in 1914; and even for Farouk's wedding the streets of Cairo were crammed with cheering Egyptians. Yet when, a few years later, the Tsar and his family were cruelly shot down in a cellar no one seemed to care much, and most, if not all, eyes were dry in Egypt when Farouk made off. Extremes of public emotion are always socially dangerous. Cromwell remarked to Fairfax when they were riding through cheering crowds that the same people would have turned out as eagerly to see him hanged. It was the very fatuity of adulation and sycophancy to which King Edward VIII, as Prince of Wales, was subjected which made the reaction so much the greater when the soap opera took, from the point of view of those set in authority over us, an ugly turn. The whole question of the King's relations with Mrs. Simpson, that is to say, might have been handled sensibly if sense had prevailed before. You cannot, however, graft a Henry James denouement on to an Elinor Glyn novel.

The probability is, I suppose, that the monarchy has become a kind of *ersatz* religion. Chesterton once remarked that when people cease to believe in God, they do not then believe in nothing, but in anything. Among other solaces, like Johnnie Ray and dreams of winning a football pool and Lollobrigida, is royalty. The people one sees staring through the railings of Buckingham Palace even when the Queen is not in residence are like forlorn worshippers at one of those shrines, whether Christian or Hindu or Buddhist, which depend on some obviously bogus miraculous happening. As a religion, monarchy has always been a failure; the god-king invariably gets eaten. Men can only remain sane by esteeming what is mortal for its mortality. I dare say what really drove the Gadarene swine mad was the thought that Group Captain Townsend was at the bottom of the cliff.

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The normal middle-class attitude is to blame the press, and, heaven knows, it has excelled itself in vulgarity and sentimentality in dealing with the Townsend story. Yet the provocation has been very great. Has even the Foreign Office ever devised a more inept communiqué than the one about no statement of Princess Margaret's future being contemplated at present? If the intention had been to give the story another shot in the arm no more effective device could have been adopted. I believe myself that the little daughter of Princess Margaret's week-end host who told reporters that the Princess and the Group Captain had looked at all the Sunday papers and just loved them, was speaking the truth. This sort of thing is expected of Rita Hayworth, but the application of film-star techniques to representatives of a monarchical institution is liable to have, in the long run, disastrous consequences. The film-star soon passes into oblivion. She has her moment and then it is all over. And even her moment depends on being able to do superlatively well whatever the public expects of her. Members of the royal family are in an entirely different situation. Their role is to symbolise the unity of a nation; to provide an element of continuity in a necessarily changing society. This is history, not the Archers, and their affairs ought to be treated as such.

If there were a republican party, as in Joseph Chamberlain's time, it might get quite a few recruits. A lot of the old arguments which pointed to the great advantages of a monarchical over an elective presidential system no longer apply. The simple fact is that the United States' Presidency today is a far more dignified institution than the British monarchy. It is accepted that the President must be "put over" by all the vast and diverse apparatus of mass communications. If the result lacks elegance, at least the impression created is of efficiency and forethought. Just imagine if Princess Margaret and Group Captain Townsend, instead of being trailed about the country (which the procedure imposed on them actually encouraged, just as T. E. Lawrence's avoidance of publicity necessarily brought reporters scurrying after him) and thereby, incidentally, occupying a great many police sorely needed elsewhere, had called a press conference and explained simply and in their own words just how matters stood. What a relief for us all! What a saving of acres of newsprint! The objection, no doubt, would be that such a press conference would be undignified. In fact, it wouldn't be nearly as undignified as what has happened. The royal family and their advisers have really got to make up their minds—do they want to be part of the mystique of the century of the common man or to be an institutional monarchy; to ride, as it were, in a glass coach or on bicycles; to provide the tabloids with a running serial or to live simply and unaffectedly among their subjects like the Dutch and Scandinavian royal families. What they cannot do is to have it both ways.

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

Second Impressions of the Red Danube

Two years ago I spent ten days in Bucharest; last year I visited Bulgaria for two weeks. Now, returning to check my original impressions, I found that almost every conversation began with the same question: "What has changed since you were here before?" That was what I wished to find out for myself. Everyone wants to know whether the new mood in the Soviet Union is reflected in eastern Europe. Is there any marked improvement in living conditions or a genuine relaxation of the political and police pressure for which Beria is now blamed?

The answer is not simple. In fact, the answer is different for Rumania and Bulgaria. To put it bluntly, I was shocked by what I saw in Rumania: though much of what I wrote two years ago still stands, I now realise that the special preparations made for the Youth Festival in 1953—and the impossibility at that time of seeing any more of the country than Bucharest and its surroundings—hid much that was unpleasant and unfavourable. In Bulgaria, however, I found new confirmation of the tentative conclusions I reached last year. Though the Bulgarians have made little public fuss about the "new course," they have taken it seriously: if other countries in eastern Europe can make similar changes, western Socialists would find co-existence somewhat easier and more convincing.

What is wrong in Rumania? Or, rather, what can the visitor see that is wrong? Such care is taken to create a good impression that I can almost forgive the foreign visitor I overheard say, as a beggar approached him outside his Bucharest hotel, "one of the last remnants of the old regime, I suppose." There is, first, the ever-present interpreter, so persuasive that one would have wished that visual evidence did not contradict the zealous explanations and excuses. Secondly, wherever I travelled in the country I was met or accompanied by two or more senior officials, and many times I had the sense that my meetings and interviews had been carefully rehearsed. Certainly, once I asked for additional or more precise information, I was told "you must ask elsewhere for that" or "these details are not available." No one would go beyond his brief.

I was permitted to select the towns I wished to visit—Cluj, Deva, Hunedoara, Petrosan, Orasul Stalin—but once the itinerary had been settled, no impromptu change was allowed: in between arranged visits to enterprises and shops, I was returned to fill in time in my room. I mention shops for a good reason. After the third or fourth formal visit to shops—great stress was being laid on the increased supply of consumer goods since my last visit—I began to notice—outside Bucharest—that the shops were often closed. On the one occasion that ordinary shoppers were present, some shoes were produced for me to inspect. As our party moved on, I saw the assistant putting them back under the counter and heard him saying—I understand enough Rumanian to follow simple conversations—*nu's de vînzare*, "these are not for sale."

But whether these goods were there for my benefit or for sale would not make much difference. For, at the present level of wages and prices, the ordinary Rumanian can afford little but the barest necessities. It is true that in Bucharest and in the resort town of Orasul Stalin (the old Brasov) there are more consumer goods in the shops than there were two years ago. But when 400 *lei* is the average monthly wage—and it is hard to establish even this—even a working husband and wife are lucky to have a joint income of 800 *lei*. Food alone takes most of this. A family of three will spend between 80 and 100 *lei* a month on their grey bread alone: one kilo of white bread a day would cost them 120 monthly. One kilo of meat a week would cost about another 100 *lei* a month. A kilo of frankfurters—20 *lei*; cocoa—140; coffee, rarest luxury, costs 210 a kilo; pears—7 lei; apples are 6 and canned peas are 4. Textiles are equally high. Towelling is 71 *lei* a metre, cotton prints 17 to 20, tweeds 250 and upwards, while shoes range from 140 to 280. A pair of children's shoes costs 80 *lei*, which is five days' wages for an average worker. Who then can afford a bicycle at 2,250, wool sweaters at 180, raincoats at 560? Only the very skilled, or senior officials and party functionaries. One need not ask questions here; there are too many people—and in the villages and small towns this is evident at once—whose dress and bearing reveals the misery of their lives. The "social wage," subsidised holidays, medical treatment, cultural and sport facilities, does not compensate for the very low level of real wages.

The inevitable excuse is the exploitation of the old regime. I simply do not believe this apology. Ten years after the war, the condition of the Rumanian people is a disgrace to a system which counterfeits the phrases of Socialism. Though industry has been greatly expanded—Rumania is now producing its own oil machinery, buses, tractors, and much electrical equipment—the ordinary worker seems to have gained little or no benefit from it. Moreover, agricultural policy has failed to bring production up to pre-war levels; official admissions of pilfering and inefficiency show that there is near-chaos in some branches of construction and industry; and the exclusions from the social services—health, pensions and education, for example—show that even these are being used for political purposes. And I ask those who may think I exaggerate what conclusion they would draw from the large number of troops one sees near any industrial centre, not merely as labourers or even as miners, but as armed guards? I wondered, in fact, whether some of the places I visited were under martial law.

All this may be denied. But I write only of what I have seen. This regime is clearly held together by fear and force; and that, indeed, is the dilemma that the "new course" raises in Rumania. Here things cannot be changed simply by partial amnesties or by a re-shuffle of leading personalities, for the systematic liquidation, not merely of the intelligentsia and the Socialist, trade union and peasant leaders but also of many of the more able Communists, may have left Rumania, so far as I can tell, without an alternative *cadre* to whom a more moderate policy can be entrusted. Such people may still exist within the system, but the system itself will have to be substantially remade—and many of those who could remake it are dead, or in jail or silently eking out a bare existence. Until such people are able once again to participate in normal life, the cards may be shuffled but the game is still the same. Rumania has paid a heavy human price for her physical achievements.

This is why one senses such a contrast in Bulgaria. Last year I wrote of the steps that had been taken to re-establish inner-party democracy, to promote greater freedom of discussion and to curb excesses by security officials. In Sofia, this year, I went where I liked and talked freely. I found no one afraid to talk honestly, and I had many discussions about present problems and past troubles. Nobody seemed to fear arrest for criticism—the release of most political prisoners has been done quietly but it has created an atmosphere of confidence—and I heard of many "oppositionists," both Communists and peasant leaders, who have now been found responsible posts. There are many small signs of such changes. Most of the permits for internal travel and for entry to factories and construction projects have been abolished. Last year, for instance, I was given a pass to take photographs, while this year I was told to take photographs of whatever

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I pleased. Some Bulgarians have been allowed to make private visits abroad for health or family reasons, and there seems to be no discrimination against specialists and technicians on political grounds. In fact, I gather that some Communists are not at all pleased because they have been drastically demoted and their jobs given to more capable but less politically conscious experts.

All these things are signs of stability and self-confidence, just as there is now a quite genuine effort to live down the years of hostility towards the Yugoslavs and the Greeks. And the new mood shows itself in the behaviour of the people: they are cheerful where the Rumanians are cowed and sullen. In Bulgaria you feel that the system not only works but is increasingly popular. Living standards are rising visibly. This year there was much more in the shops, and there are more new shops; average prices—I checked them with notes made last summer—are down, according to the commodity, by one-sixth to one-third. In real terms, the standard of life in Bulgaria is nearly three times as high as in Rumania. The really big change since last summer is in the volume of house-building; you come across new flats and houses on almost every street in Sofia, and driving about two hundred miles, south of the capital, I noticed new houses on the fringe of every village.

Here, between these two neighbouring countries, is a strange and intriguing contrast. Why, one is bound to ask, have two broadly similar regimes developed in such different ways? And what part has Moscow played in the puzzle? I cannot yet complete the picture, because there are still too many pieces missing. But I can make two suggestions. First, there is a real difference between the party organisations. Rumania—where everyone admits "special difficulties"—had, when the Russians arrived in 1944, no more than 5,000 Communists; this means that long-term politically educated party members were then very thin on the ground. And since 1948 many of the leading Communists themselves have shared the fate of Socialists and democrats. In pre-1945 Bulgaria, however, there was a large politically literate party, which had such able leaders as Dimitrov and Kolarov, and a strong ideological tradition. This made it easier to create a viable and stable regime. Secondly, there is the crucial question of relations between Rumania and Russia. It is quite clear that, reparations apart, Russia has on various pretexts taken a substantial part of Rumanian production, especially of oil. Is this economic exploitation continuing? Or will the "new course" lead to changes and relaxation here too? Perhaps. We shall know better after the Soviet party congress this winter has discussed "relations between the Socialist States."

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The Renault Miracle

A YEAR or two ago, while sitting outside a café at a busy crossroads in Paris, I counted the number of Renault *Quatre-Chevaux* cars that passed in a minute. It was exactly sixty. Today the number would probably be higher, for production reached a new peak of 125,000 cars in 1954, and has been rising fast this year. Few British motorists who meet the hordes of these sturdy little cars on the roads of France realise that they are the product of a nationalised undertaking, for the Renault company was among those taken over at the time of the liberation, either because they were in German hands or because their owners were collaborators. In 1938, when it was producing 250 vehicles a day, it was the second largest motor car producer in France, Citroen being the largest, but during the war, while in the hands of the Germans, a substantial part of its works was destroyed by bombing. By 1952 it had overtaken Citroen and, in the face of intense competition, it still holds that position today, with a daily output of between eight and nine hundred vehicles.

The products of Renault are not confined to private and commercial motor vehicles and the light agricultural tractors which, because they are manufactured by the same mass production processes, are the natural ancillary products of the motor industry. It also manufactures industrial and marine oil engines and complete diesel-engined rail-cars for the French railways; and its organisation is more self-sufficient than most European motor firms, producing the greater part of its own raw materials and components. For instance, it owns steel mills from which it obtains about two-thirds of its steel requirements as well as plants for the manufacture of tyres, forgings, ball-bearings, paint and plastic mouldings. The Renault motor works was one of the first in Europe to introduce transfer machines, by means of which components are moved from one set of tools to another without human intervention; one of the new manufacturing techniques to which the name of "automation" has been given. Their designers were also among the first to introduce the idea of constructing these giant machines out of standardised units, a method which has been copied by manufacturers in this country.

In face of this enterprise and success it is not surprising that French industrialists and British motor car manufacturers should seek to spread stories of preferential treatment to account for it. It is said that Renault received preference in supplies of raw materials after the war, or that it is able to raise capital at special rates or that the French system of motor taxation has been designed especially to help it. None of these things is in fact true. Renault has to compete on equal terms with its powerful rivals and such additional capital as it has needed since the war has had to be raised by loans, without Government guarantee, at current market rates. In its 1954 balance sheet, the original capital at the time of nationalisation is represented as 17 billion francs, reserves of various sorts amount to another 11 billion and long-term loans to 6 billion, most of which are at 6 per cent. or over.

Perhaps one of the reasons for the fear of Renault by French businessmen is the ruthlessly competitive attitude it adopted under M. Lefaucheux, its first President and General Manager. Addressing the American Club of Paris last year he made a violent attack on the price-fixing arrangements so prevalent in French industry, including those in operation by the suppliers of the motor industry. He gave his surprised American audience, which included representatives of the American automobile manufacturers, his own definition of "free enterprise," which included freedom from price-fixing rules, so that competitors were "adversaries and not accomplices" and freedom "to conduct its battle as it sees fit, to fix by itself and without state interference, its models, its programmes, the size of its staff, its wages; in a word, all the elements of its activity." Obviously, a company manufacturing a product in keen domestic and foreign competition must be free to determine its own designs and manufacturing programme in accordance with market conditions, and should not be subject to controls over its investment policy to which its competitors are not subject; but this may seem to some a strange definition of the duties of a publicly owned undertaking and, obviously, much more needs to be known about its methods of management before it can be judged by any socialist criterion.

The constitution of the *Regie Renault* follows the normal pattern of a Joint Stock Company on the Continent. There is a *Conseil d'Administration* which is supposed to represent the shareholders and be responsible for policy and a General Manager who, with his staff, is entirely responsible for administration. In the case of Renault the General Manager is also the President of the *Regie* and he is appointed by the Minister of Commerce and Industry. As in the case of all French industries nationalised after the war, the *Conseil d'Administration* is composed of representatives of the management, of the workers and of the Government, the latter being mainly civil servants; but it meets only three times a year and, apart from having the formal responsibility of passing the annual report and accounts, appears to play little part in the management of the enterprise. The outstanding success of Renault since the war is largely due to the personality of Pierre Lefaucheux, whose death in a motor accident earlier in the year was a tragic loss. The strength of his position derived not only from the fact that he was a first-class motor engineer and production organiser, but also from his success in the early days in getting the workers' representatives lined up with the management against the Government representatives in the *Conseil*. In his view the State is not the real shareholder in the *Regie*, but it is the collective property of 40 million Frenchmen, who have entrusted the task of running it to a Director General.

The position of the workers in the *Conseil* would have been stronger if it had not been for the conflicts which now divide the French trade union movement. About 60 per cent. of the

workers are members of the C.G.T., but the *Force Ouvrière*, the Christian Unions (C.F.T.C.), and a number of independent unions are all in the works, as well as a union representing the supervisory staff. For some time Renault suffered from strikes as serious as any in France, but for over two years there has been no serious dispute. A few weeks ago the non-C.G.T. unions sent a letter to the new director containing a number of demands, including higher basic wages and three weeks' annual holiday, and large posters announcing this were posted in the works with an appeal for negotiation as an alternative to conflict. This took place at the time of the serious riots in the shipyards and was no doubt intended to forestall action by the C.G.T. The immediate decision by the management to meet the unions, which was taken also by the managements of the nationalised coal and electricity industries in face of similar demands, was in striking contrast to the reactions of the employers in the shipyards and other engineering firms.

Wages at Renault are higher than those in most private industry and, in accordance with an agreement made in 1950, are related to a cost-of-living index which is calculated by a special committee, which includes representatives of all the unions, from budgets which they each present and from official sources.

In addition to their hourly and piecework earnings the employees receive as quarterly bonuses half the distributed profits, the other half going to the State as dividend. Total profits in 1954 were 6½ billion francs and, after allowing for taxes and allocations to reserves, 1½ billion francs were distributed between the State and the workers in this way. A production worker of average length of service received about 50,000 francs from this source, which represented about 10 per cent. of his earnings, and, taking both earnings and bonus into account as well as changes in the cost-of-living, it is estimated that his standard of living increased 7.3 per cent. during the year, which is about the average increase which has been taking place in manufacturing industry during the last two or three years.

The picture which emerges from an examination of the formal structure of the Renault company is little different from that of any progressively managed company with joint consultation and profit sharing. How far the absence of private shareholders has contributed to improving industrial relations could only be discovered by a careful internal study, but it is certain that in this field Renault has acted as a dynamic leader among French employers who normally tend to be backward and reactionary. Not only has every device of modern management been employed; time and motion study, job analysis, selection techniques, education and training programmes and factory medical services, but there has been a willingness to employ the methods of research to study the human problems involved in modern large-scale industry. Some of this work has been done by outside research workers, but a number of social scientists are employed within the personnel department itself. These include "ergonomists," whose job it is to ensure that in the design of new machines due account is taken of human physiology, as well as psychologists and sociologists, so that every new job or production line is studied not only from the technical aspect, but also from the point of view of possible physical and psychological stresses. The degree of co-operation required in specific jobs is carefully considered and members of working teams chosen accordingly. What is unusual about this work is that the social scientists are not a number of people brought in from outside, but are a group well integrated within the organisation. Nothing like this exists either in public or private industry in this country and it is unlikely that it would have happened in France, if Renault had not become a publicly owned undertaking, facing the full glare of publicity and criticism and arousing in its workers new and different aspirations.

AUSTEN ALBU

Fleet Street Notebook

WHAT a dull world it must be for those who only read *The Times*! "Nothing much else than Princess Margaret's affairs is being talked of in this country (and a great many others)," remarked the *Manchester Guardian* on Saturday, adding very sensibly that apart from the genuine issues of public interest involved, "it would be against human nature for there not to be a little vulgar curiosity." Printing House Square remains closed to such emotions. At the time of writing its sole contribution to the topic of the hour has been two and a half lines at the bottom of an obscure paragraph recording the fact that Group Captain Townsend called at Clarence House on Thursday of last week. Last Saturday it managed the not inconsiderable journalistic feat of publishing the Clarence House statement asking the press to respect the Princess's privacy (2½ inches down column) without giving its readers any clue as to what it meant. On Monday it did even better. It reported that the Princess had spent the week-end at Allanbay House, Binfield, while carefully omitting Group Captain Townsend's name as a fellow guest, leaving its readers to infer that the "100 photographers and press representatives" mentioned as camping outside the gates and racing after the Princess to church were inspired by a passion for fresh air and Sunday observance.

Lord Northcliffe, whose example as a master of news *The Times* recently tartly recommended to the popular press in an irascible leading article, once remarked sardonically that the trouble with most newspapers before he started the *Daily Mail* was that they never reported what everyone was talking about. *The Times* would be a better newspaper if it took note of this. It might learn from the *Manchester Guardian* and the *Daily Telegraph*. They have both found it perfectly possible to reflect the universal public interest in Princess Margaret's future without sacrificing journalistic probity.

But there is, of course, more to it than this. A number of highly placed people in Court and ecclesiastical circles find it displeasing that Princess Margaret should have fallen in love with a commoner who also happens to have been the innocent party in a divorce suit. They would like with the gentlemanly acquiescence of *The Times* to hush the whole matter up, giving time for wiser counsels to prevail. This, indeed, would appear to be the real explanation of the Clarence House statement. Framed as it was it could hardly do other than excite rather than damp down public interest, particularly when so maladroitly timed as to coincide with the news that Princess Margaret was to have a week-end reunion with her Group Captain at Allanbay House. Perhaps they did not think the press would find that out.

Be this as it may, few of the Sunday papers were in any doubt as to what the nation expected of them. Hard facts were in short supply. But that has never incommoded the reporters of the doings of Royalty. The corps that not long ago invented a completely fictitious midnight barbecue at Balmoral, complete with torchlight procession,

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was not likely to fall down on this assignment. Does the course of Royal love run smoothly or not? Read the Sundays and take your choice.

"Happy, Happy Townsend," said the *Sunday Express* across eight columns. "Happy, Happy Princess," echoed the *Pictorial* across four. "On —Or Off? This Week-end May Mean Goodbye," replied the *People* in black type across five, explaining that the week-end party had simply been arranged so that the Group Captain could be given a polite brush off. "Their faces tell the story of tension and worry," it added. But the *Graphic* with different pictures proclaimed: "This Is The Face Of A Woman In Love." "The Princess has not yet decided," said the *Empire News*. "The marriage in principle has been fixed," declared the *Sunday Dispatch*, and *Reynolds*, astonishingly, swept the board with a story which not merely said the marriage was on, but gave the date, the place—Crathie Church near Balmoral—where the happy couple will live after the ceremony, and what the Queen Mother will do when it is all over—go to Canberra as Governor General. After this, the *News of the World*, which holds in its own way to nineteenth-century habits of journalism no less austerely than *The Times*, came as something of an anti-climax. "Princess Margaret," it told its eight million readers impassively, but truthfully, "Faces A Very Busy Week."

So there you are. Eagle eyes on both the *Mirror* and the *Sketch* have since simultaneously discovered that the latest photograph of Princess Margaret shows that there is "No Ring Yet." Apart from that I, as practically the only journalist in Fleet Street—or for that matter New York—who does not even know a third footman at Clarence House, can tell you no more. For further news read the papers: but not *The Times*.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

A Year's Work Done

POTATOES are the last of the harvest. We have all been at them, whenever the weather was good. Most of us with fairly small acreages manage with our own labour, but it is different for the big growers. The older ones, for instance, from a tinker family who are respectably settled in a Council House at Carradale, have gone over to Arran to work on the potato lifting there for a fortnight; that should help with the rent. But it suits us to follow the old custom and have several families taking drills in our potato field in exchange for help in planting and lifting, so we have a mixed crowd helping us. I hope the deer won't be a nuisance this year. The fallow and Jap deer often come at night, digging down with their knife-sharp hooves through the covering rushes and earth into the potato pits and making a terrible mess.

I milk on potato lifting afternoons, to give Lachlan a bit more time. Usually the cows behave perfectly, coming slowly along to the gate when I call them, old Vicky going out first and swiping with her horns at Primrose if she tries to push. The two calves, who are still being pail fed, sometimes dodge out, but if they do I don't bother. They'll go back soon enough when I clank the pails with their milk. However, the open gate of the potato field is too much for them. Clover makes for it, even Vicky turns and goes lumbering in, her heavy udder flopping. The potato pickers all shout at the cows and I am furious with them for behaving so badly in front of company. But I get them out at last and on their way to the byre, though with digressions for delicious nettles—do they understand that I don't like going into the nettles after them? They know their places perfectly, of course, and settle down, waiting for me to start up the milking machine. I never tie them up at this time of year, though later, when they are in at night, they have to be tied. One of the water bowls got broken not long ago, and it was some weeks before we got it brazed. Now, whenever Clover comes in, she takes a drink, just to be sure it is there. I only have three milking just now—and Primrose, who calved last Christmas, is going off. Catherine, one of the heifers, is due to calve in a fortnight. I like to calve the heifers myself and sell them with the second calf; they have then had their milk recorded for one lactation and one can say something about butter-fat. They are at their best then and prices should correspond.

I wash them and take the fore-milk and slip on the rubbers. The cows pay no attention. None of them seems to mind machine milking, though I'm never so sure about A.I., which can't be much satisfaction to a cow. However, it does mean we don't have people getting gored by Ayrshire bulls, which are notoriously fierce. Last year my cousins up by Connel gave me a cross Jersey-Highland calf; Barbara Castle and I brought her home in the back of the car. This can be a very good cross, especially for butter making, but one can't tell just how the genes are going to work out. Highland constitution with Jersey milk is grand, but, of course, it may be the other way round. I don't know that Lachlan approves of Sonas, who has the typical Jersey build, with light hindquarters and a little dip in the back. She has an almost Highland coat and should stand the climate, but is still small. Perhaps she is slower maturing than a pure Jersey and shouldn't be put into calf till next year.

While the milking goes on the potato pickers come past the door of the byre and we exchange gossip while they wait for the bus. Lachlan and Colin take back the trailer with a load of small potatoes for the pig and the hens, not to speak of the geese. Once we have plenty of small potatoes we can cut down on other feed. It hasn't been a bad crop, and the kale and turnips better than we had ever thought they would be, considering the drought and the light soil they were growing in. Up in the outer Islands, the crops grown on heavy peat have been extra good, though not the corn from the machair—the wonderful sandy strip along the western edge of the Hebrides, which is 60 per cent. shell-sand and dries out very quickly.

Our under-sown grass which was hardly visible when the nurse crop of corn was cut, came up beautifully through the stubble once it got a good soaking, but it is still soft and we shall have to look after it if there is to be a good hay crop next year. Part of the dung is out already and a few days will finish that job off. The young cattle are on the ley field which Lachlan will plough this winter; we chuck over a few turnips and heads of kale, which will all go to dung it. The milking cows have been on Sheneval and are now in the Meadow, giving Sheneval a few weeks' rest and a chance to come away again in this weather which is still warm enough for growth.

So long as there was plenty of cheap women's labour, nobody bothered to invent electric milking machines and churns. Now there are very few hand milkers anywhere but in the semi-subsistence areas. Most crofters' wives will milk except, I suppose, in Lewis, where all the family is too busy weaving to bother with cows! Here the small holdings run by the Department of Agriculture—County Councils have nothing to do with them in Scotland, though the T.U.C. don't seem to have grasped this—all have milking machines.

I like churning, now I don't have to churn a handle for half an hour as one did with the old churn. Jemima taught me to work butter, raven-haired Jemima of Brackley Farm, whose mother was one of the best butter makers in Kintyre. What matters is to wash it thoroughly, with fresh cold water, then with briny water, then with fresh water again, working it with cold hands all the time. Then one leaves it in cold water to firm before making half-pound prints. I wish I had a nice wooden butter print but I expect they've all been collected by arty people, just like horse brasses, which are so difficult to get if one wants them for an actual horse.

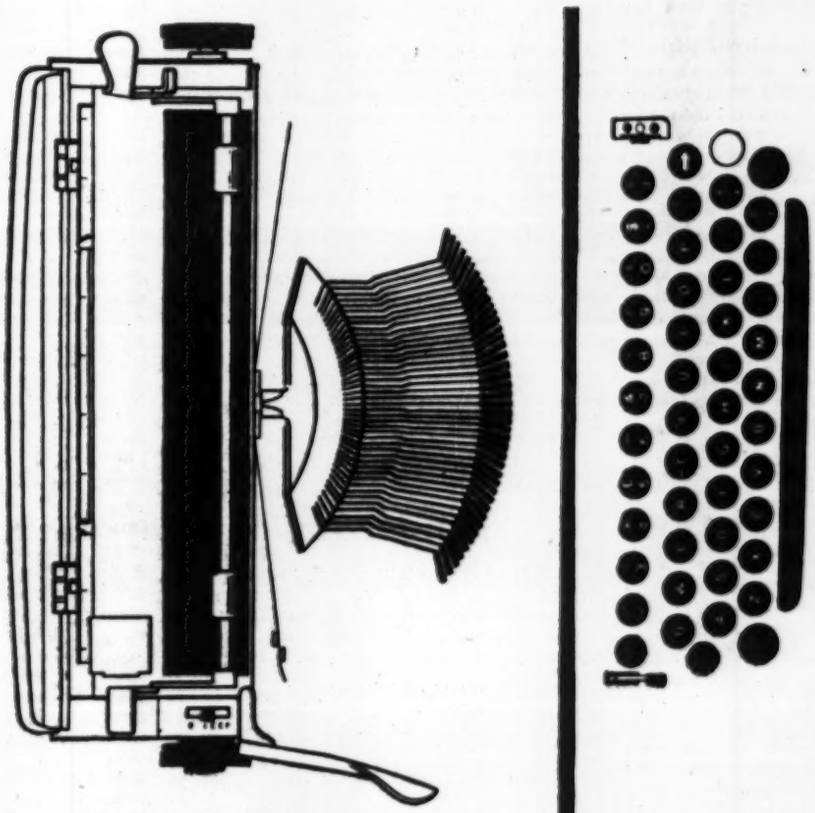
It seems strange to us to have got through the year's work by now. Mostly we are still struggling with the harvest in October, getting more and more tired and fed up. "This year we'll have some time to ourselves," said Duncan. There are so many jobs on a farm that never get done, mending and trimming, replacing gates, painting, putting on loose slates. I hope to get some sea-tangle up from the beach. At the moment I am having an irate correspondence with the Commissioners for Crown Lands about this. Indignant letters fly between us at the rate of at least two a year. Why should I pay them for taking their nasty, messy seaweed away—a whole half-crown a year, imagine it! Just wait till a whale gets stranded on the beach; then they'll *ask* me to clear it away!

NAOMI MITCHISON

The Kabaka's Farewell

He has left us, the Kabaka,
Sabasajja, the Kabaka,
Sabasajja, good and wise man,
Flown from Eaton Place, S.W.,
Left the Banzungu, the white men,
After two years' lamentation,
When the white men's new white paper
Let his people choose their ruler
Choose the chieftain of Buganda.
When he heard the Great Lukiko
Calling from the Owen Water
Dam big shining Owen Water,
Heard his P.M., Mr. Kintu,
Mr. Kintu, Katikiro,
Calling "Come back, O Mutesa!"
Then he left us, the Kabaka.
O the drumming in Kampala!
O the singing of the drinkers,
O the drinking of the singers!
O the welcome of Damali
Ceremonially shampoo'd
In the blue-upholstered palace!
O the putting on of Western
Soccer shorts, and ties with Freddie
Painted ties with painted Freddies!
O the shaving off of whiskers
Grown in anguish, grown in mourning!
O the pumping up of cycles
Made in U.K., made for export,
And the brushing up of English
Learned in correspondence courses
By Baganda in Buganda.
Should you ask me why King Freddie
By the Banzungu was kidnapped,
Long lamented here in exile,
I would answer your enquiries
Straightway in such words as follow:
Freddie learned the white man's lesson
Learned it well, but not too wisely,
Like a young Cantab Kabaka,
That all men are free and equal
Baganda and British people.

ROSE MARIE HODGSON



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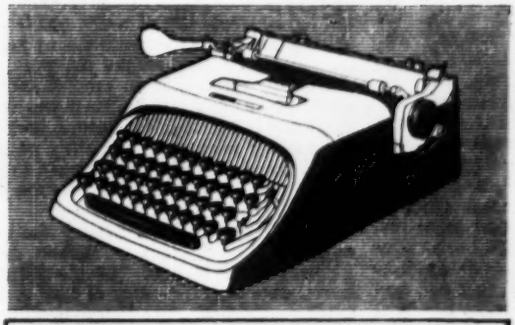

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The Arts and Entertainment

Otello

RAFAEL KUBELIK'S musical directorship of Covent Garden has begun—like *Otello*, the first offering of the season—with a storm. No harm in that. Storms are a regular feature of the operatic landscape, and it is part of a director's job to ride them. Mr. Kubelik was no doubt wise to assert his authority at the outset: his action in cancelling Tito Gobbi's contract to sing Iago because of the baritone's tardy arrival in London for rehearsals has been applauded by the press and taken calmly, if with understandable disappointment, by the public. Discipline has been established. The new colonel has made it clear that even the most decorated, the most battle-scarred, of subalterns must not be late on parade.

All the same, it would be easy to overdo the mood of righteous self-congratulation. Discipline is not quite all, and good singers are very scarce. A less polite man than Signor Gobbi might well have pointed out that, whereas he had sung Iago a hundred times, it was to the Czech conductor and the English producer that the opera came as a novelty. In fact, if this *Otello* had been an existing production, instead of the initial effort of a new regime, four or five days would probably have sufficed for a first-rate guest artist to acclimatise himself. As things were, the singer put himself in the wrong, and we are all the losers. We need not seize the opportunity, however, to indulge in fashionable cant about the iniquities of "star-worship." Stars are simply singers who sing better than other singers; no wonder we want to hear them. Mallarmé once remarked that poetry is made, not with ideas, but with words; just so, music is made with notes, and Italian opera essentially with sung notes. The tendency of all modern conductors, from Toscanini downwards, is to ignore this fact, and to demand from singers, not Rossini's "Voce, voce, e voce," but Obedience first, Intelligence second, and Voice a bad third. Were it not for the good honest public, which knows a fine voice when it hears one, and knows moreover that there is no substitute for that particular kind of satisfaction, we should be perpetually fobbed off with conductors' puppets. Fortunately the Covent Garden management has shown its good sense by announcing that Signor Gobbi will "shortly appear in another production." In that case why should he not, at the same time, make a few appearances as Iago?

All this is by no means to disparage the Iago of Otakar Kraus, which surprised even his warmest admirers by its success within the physical limitations imposed by nature. Mr. Kraus tends to suggest the "small, crafty figure" that Verdi was at pains to avoid, and his voice has neither the colour nor the precision of focus required by the music. But he has transformed his normally rather rough "character-baritone" timbre into something surprisingly appropriate, and he declaimed the Italian words more vividly and more powerfully than did Ramon Vinay as Otello. It was odd to hear this fine tenor unaccountably lisping his entrance lines, so that they sounded like "Ethultate! L'orgoglio muthulmano thepolto è in mar!" In the first two acts his tone seemed less vibrant and more baritonal in quality than five years ago, when he sang the role during the visit of the La Scala company. It is a voice without a suspicion of clarion ring, and in consequence Signor Vinay has never been able to bring off the Entrance, or the Farewell to Arms, or the Oath Duet. By the third act, however, his forceful and varied acting and in particular his tragic delivery of the great soliloquy enabled us to understand why he should still be generally rated the finest living Otello. It was a dignified, if not a great, performance.

The best of the three principals was Gré Brouwenstijn. Very beautiful and distinguished in manner, every inch the daughter of a Venetian senator, she made the fate of Desdemona seem even more harrowing than usual. She sang the music with a clear, forward, supple tone which took on many shades of passion, pleading or distress without ever losing its musical quality. She was as admirable in the ensembles of the second and third acts as in the bedroom scene; her only fault was a marked tendency to sing, in exposed passages, under the note.

It seemed surprising that this Desdemona should be on such familiar terms with the curiously dry and unsympathetic, though well sung, Emilia of Noreen Berry. John Lanigan, unfortunately dressed to resemble the Knave of Hearts, made a pleasantly lyrical Cassio. Otherwise, apart from Otello's splendid but too dandified costume in Act 2, Wakhevitch's decor was extremely impressive in its rich, deep colours and spacious architectural schemes. Perhaps the great empty window spaces of his third act caught the eye too insistently, but the pillars were admirably placed, so that the scene of Otello's overhearing the light banter of Cassio and Iago seemed much more convincing than it usually does. Peter Potter managed the crowds well and, but for an occasional eccentricity, allowed the action to flow forward naturally and effectively. Among the eccentricities was the end of Act 3, when Iago delivered his "Ecco il leone!" not to the prostrate Moor, but to a heraldic Lion of Venice on the wall—as though he were a guide pointing out interesting details in the Governor's Palace.

The great virtue of the evening lay in the admirably unified direction of Rafael Kubelik, to whose vigorous beat both chorus and orchestra responded enthusiastically. During the first two acts some of the great moments slid past us without making their accustomed impact—partly, no doubt, in consequence of first night nerves. By Act 3 the temperature began to approach the blazing level of Verdi's inspiration, and the last act was memorably beautiful alike in general conception and in orchestral detail. The whole performance, soundly conceived and for the most part soundly executed, augured very well for the new regime.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Murder (followed by disembowelling)

NINETY-NINE people out of a hundred, if persuaded to visit the Hanover Gallery to see the bronzes by the much-discussed French sculptress Germaine Richier, would be disgusted. The half-human spiders and insects, the wilfully split, broken heads, the pitted torsos and the shrunken limbs, disintegrating as though as a result of fire or leprosy, would strike them as ugly, morbid and pointless. They would either say diffidently, as they did *not* in front of the Hiroshima panels, that they didn't understand art, or they would be indignant.

If the hundredth person happened to be a sculptor himself, he would be forced to admit Richier's ability, although he might hate the use to which she has put it. He would recognise in the one fairly straightforward portrait-head her sensitivity to structure and character. He would see that she can create a bird on a girl's hand which looks as if it is made out of crumpled paper and yet suggests all the bird-shy abruptness of a pipit. He would notice that the apparently shapeless limbs of *Man of the Night*—as deadening in their imagined sound as a blow with a sandbag—are nevertheless as firm in sculptural form as limbs by Rodin.

If the hundredth person happened to be a fashionable intellectual (which most of the visitors will be) he would talk of Kafka and Giacometti—although, in fact, Giacometti's aims are far more rational—and would admire the works for their originality, their lack of sentimentality (as he would put it) and the violent power with which they express putrefaction, torture, jungle life and the atavistic instincts. "Richier's performance," writes David Sylvester approvingly, "is a way of finding out how much her victims can stand up to."

André Pieyre de Mandiargues also says in the catalogue that there is a "sylvan quality" to Richier's work because "in the silence of the forest, consent is indicative of rape (coupling) or murder (followed by disembowelling)." The gratuitous explanations in brackets are his.

Is the development from the disgust of the ninety-nine to the insight of the hundredth a process of corruption? The question might be difficult to answer, but because the intellectual today would deny its validity by claiming that art is outside normal moral considerations, he utterly condemns his own attitude and answers it for us.

As for the students, who might be influenced by Richier's technical, formal skill, surely they will realise that this is literally used for the destruction of art. Granted her "sensibility" and armed with acetylene and a hammer, Richier could "create" her images from the great statues in any museum. She expresses the hatred of art which is the result of a certain type of æsthete's sense of futility in face of the achievements of the past.

This is no idealisation of the Simple Man. The readers of the *News of the World* are not Candides. But in a disintegrating culture the sophisticated attitude is the most likely to act as a catalyst to further disintegration. The use of the very word "sophisticated" illustrates this. It is now used frequently as a compliment, yet even its recent dictionary meaning is *false* or *corrupted*. Finally the work of a sculptor like Richier cannot be judged within the context of art. It can only amount to evidence in a case-history—not a personal but a social-cultural one. She represents—with great imagination—those who betray the values which they have isolated: those who, blind to the fact that the whole world is being changed by the vigour of millions determined to enjoy the advantages and rights of a technical, humanist civilisation, destroy their own because the task of distinguishing between the evil and the good in it is too great for them.

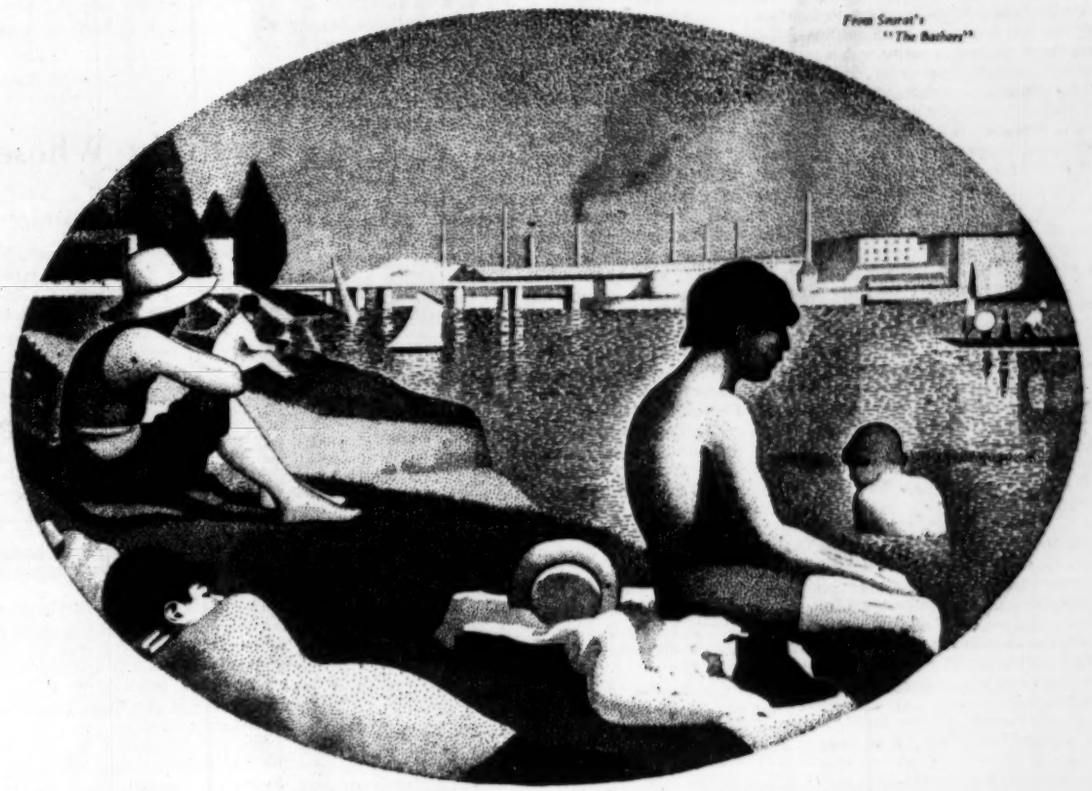
JOHN BERGER

The Keyhole Screen

THE newcomer to television, as performer or as viewer, broods on the nature of the thing that he has got mixed up in (for even the small screen *involves* the viewer more completely than sound-radio does).

One contrast between TV and sound, at the transmitting rather than the receiving end, may be less superficial than it seems. The performer on TV is far more conscious of being in, or on the fringe of, "show business" than the sound broadcaster is (except those engaged in variety programmes as such). The atmosphere of a sound broadcasting studio is in some respects almost like that of a teaching hospital; no don need feel out of place. The atmosphere of a TV studio is far more like that of a film studio: the blazing lights and moving cameras, the make-up girls hovering to dab powder on sweat-prone faces, the teams of insouciant technicians, the long hours of hanging about, the rehearsal calls for those "wanted on the floor." No don (except Mr. Alan Taylor) would feel at ease here. It all seems much more contrived, because eye as well as ear has to be cozened.

Does this also mean that television is a new art-form, or indeed an art-form at all? If poetry is definable as verse that cannot be paraphrased



We want margin to our lives—

THOREAU (1817-1862)

All trade requires a margin; a surplus that can be put to economic use after production costs have been covered by returns. Without it, the movement of goods and services which keeps us alive would stop next week.

A man's life too must show such a margin, if it is to be worth living; something that enriches his material day after his work is done. It may be a study or a sport; a language he is learning, a musical instrument he is practising. On a broader scale, a nation builds its picture-galleries and its playhouses; they are there to help it live beyond to-day's horizon.

To this wider life, of individual, and community, industry brings its contribution—leisure. Without this there can be no true civilisation, no lives that have 'a margin'. Modern industrial advances have extended, and redistributed, the nation's spare time; with the new, factory-made hours that they have brought, the Machine Age can one day transform itself into the Leisure Age.

ESSO *Esso Petroleum Company, Limited*

exactly in prose, and if stage plays filmed usually make bad movies, it might be expected that TV at its best would be beginning to convey an aesthetic or intellectual satisfaction new in kind—to create works of art, however slight, intrinsically different from those of sound radio.

It is too soon to be sure; but so far, in dramatic or feature programmes, it seems that the *art* of TV, in idiom and in impact, hardly differs in kind from that of the cinema. This is perhaps inevitable; many TV programmes are, of course, filmed. It is with the movies rather than with sound radio that TV should be compared, and by those standards, perhaps, that it should be judged.

Of one kind of TV programme alone can it be said that it is uniquely and specially *of* TV, and could hardly exist if TV had not been invented. That is the programme which seeks to explore and exploit the intimacies of human suffering, the agonies of embarrassment felt by those who suddenly find themselves hauled before the cameras. I have not yet seen Mr. Winn's programme, *Write to Winn* (ITV, every other Thursday, 7.30), which has had, on the whole, a good press (and actors, not "real people," are used in it), or Miss Edana Romney in *Is This Your Problem?* (B.B.C., Thursday, 10.30 p.m.); but last Saturday (ITV, 7.15) I did see Mr. Derek Roy in *People Are Funny*.

This is one of the programmes in which ordinary people are taken unawares by extraordinary intrusions into their privacy; exposed not only to the cameras but to the uproarious laughter of a large studio audience; and then consoled with lavish gifts—pressure-cookers, washing-machines, refrigerators, all the *desiderata* of the well-conditioned modern housewife.

For one of last Saturday's items an ordinary, pleasant, middle-class couple were inveigled on to the stage of the theatre from which the programme was transmitted. Mr. Roy asked the woman what she loved best in the world. "My husband," she said. "We'll soon see how much you love him," said Mr. Roy.

The husband was then shut in a cupboard (rather like an earth closet) with a hole in its top. A man was stationed above it with a bucket of ice-cold water. "If I give you five shillings," said Mr. Roy to the wife, "may we pour the water over him?" "No," she said. "Seven-and-six? . . . Ten shillings?" "No, no, *no!*" "Well, what about a dozen pairs of fully fashioned nylons . . . look at them, aren't they lovely and sheer?" "*Oh* . . . that's different!"

The water was poured: a stifled howl from inside the cupboard, the wife a picture of remorseful anxiety. The process was repeated, with more and more horrifying deposits (quick-drying cement, porridge) and ever richer bribes. The wife was almost in tears, but overwhelmed by her sudden acquisition of all these gleaming gadgets. The saving gimmick was that the cupboard had a false ceiling which caught all the muck: the husband emerged unharmed, his wife fell in his arms.

This is by no means the roughest affront to human dignity that has been seen on television. Possibly no great harm was done to the couple concerned—though, unless she was a consummate actress, the wife had a pretty thorough emotional shaking-up. I found the programme degrading to watch—and impossible to switch off.

"Human problem" programmes deal with more serious situations than this, but their essence is the same: to expose human beings spiritually naked for the entertainment of inquisitive strangers. They are the apotheosis of the keyhole. To claim that their purpose is "to try to help people" is cant. Their purpose is to make money. If a few people are helped incidentally, so much the better.

Such, then, is TV's only distinctive contribution so far. It may be the raw material of a new art-form. If so, it still awaits its Griffith or its Pudovkin.

* * *

Listeners and viewers long accustomed to the B.B.C.'s monopoly in the word "epilogue" may have been surprised to find that, on ITV, it is used, but not to describe a fragment of late-night religion. Instead, a poem is read, rather well: *Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee . . .*, for instance.

This, however, is only *An* Epilogue. The B.B.C.'s is still *The* Epilogue. Both are disfigured by visual vulgarisms: on the B.B.C. a Presbyterian university chaplain, the Rev. Ian Pitt-Watson, whose voice and manner are admirably composed, fades into a pietistic still-life, a composition of shimmering cross and open Book; on ITV a peculiarly nasty olde-Englishe lettering is used for the title.

It is strange that those who are spending so much money on these services shouldn't know where to look for competent designers of such details.

TOM DRIBERG

"Small Hotel," at the St. Martin's

This play despite all portents is curiously, mildly, pleasing. It is the tale of Albert, the aged but ever so dodgy head waiter, who is ousted from his position by the flashy bit imposed by the hotel company's efficiency expert (played with incisive character by Mr. Anthony Sharp). We are soon agreeably charmed by the piece, if never passionately involved. It is as if we ourselves had dropped into such a residential hotel, and been lightly amused by the eccentric behaviour of the residents and the crafty arts of the staff, while consuming a tepidly indifferent meal. The play possesses the merit of a genuine, if fondly exaggerated, observation. Gordon Harker as Albert, whom he plays like a cracksman resting between engagements, has the more obviously rewarding part. As the waiter of forty years, as experienced at extracting tips as corks, for ever being "given" wine by customers and fiddling the lunch checks, he is content to play quietly, on occasion even too slowly so that you anticipate him and have to dawdle to let him catch up. Miss Marjorie Fielding never misses a glint of opportunity. She raps out, all beak and bite, with every chance she gets, like a woodpecker with a grudge-against-society complex. And she beats the woodpecker with a smile which when it comes is as heart warming as a bite of crab-apple.

M. C.

Sally in Whose Alley?

"I Am a Camera," at the London Pavilion
"It's Always Fair Weather," at the Empire

A rather silly title; it should have been *Sally Bowles*. For Sally Bowles is what, for better or worse, one remembers of the film; and Sally Bowles it was who started walking in Berlin, 1930. Odd that she should have emerged so far, Mr. Norris, the larger figure, being still book-bound. Or perhaps not so odd. The sketch, provided it has life, may struggle more than the full-length portrait. It must realise itself, come more into its own. The trouble is that not Mr. Isherwood but others should have helped in this liberation. The Van Druten play, from which the film takes its title and material, gave full play to Sally, though in gaining amplitude one may feel she was losing herself. Lost, certainly, to the Isherwood reader she is in this final grasp after popularity described outside the London Pavilion as "the gamiest and whackiest picture of the year." Miss Julie Harris plays her as one strayed, not from the counties, but the chorus row; and in doing so only follows the script. I may say that I enjoyed her performance—she is indeed an actress of electric charm—and, moderately, the whole film, though the farther it got from Isherwood the less individual it became.

We had, of course, to pick up Sally Bowles in the night-club where she sang, not badly with don't-care appeal, but in the best-groomed manner to a tune considerably haunting. Isherwood on the screen (Laurence Harvey) sits and frowns: throughout the film one of the difficulties will be what to make or do with him, a fault coming from the play. Oddities are made much of. He takes vitamin pills, he is always imagining the onset of horrible diseases, he is vaguely political and yet more vaguely sexual: one gets little of the sharp reticence of the Mister Issyvoo of the stories, or of Isherwood himself who in those days hid behind a shy grin, while training on human beings a humorous bird-watcher's eye. The bother of externalising him was not really solved by Mr. Van Druten in his play, and in the film this rather negative figure is, in despair, subjected to farcical episodes springing from his valetudinarianism. A couple of parties are flung in, one of a Marx Brothers kind in which the invalid is flocked round, hurled into cold and hot baths, and finally electrocuted—the sort of scene that could only have been devised by some script-writer at his wits' end—and a publisher's party at which the whole story is supposed, not very convincingly, to be told in flashback. Authors on the screen come off badly. I remember Herbert Marshall as, and not in the least like, Mr. Somerset Maugham, brooding over a fashionable gathering and murmuring in the camera's ear "Here comes my hero"; and Miss Merle Oberon as George Sand. Isherwood has been hardly more lucky. But for all its vulgarisations *I Am a Camera*, directed by Henry Cornelius and banking heavily on its "X" certificate (abortion hinted at), is perhaps worth visiting for Miss Harris's performance and something individual that persists in its relationship of two people tangently in love.

The new Gene Kelly film is a disappointment. Dealing with three demobilised soldiers it lacks the exhilaration of *On the Town*, and song and dance deploy a mechanical briskness among bars, reunions, commercial TV and the boxing racket. Once, in a roller-skate lyric of a New York street, Mr. Kelly for a moment or two comes into his own.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

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EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

Correspondence

COMMUNIST PRISONERS

SIR,—I was glad to see your comment on the French telegram requesting the release of Paul Ignotus, which runs "today, on the tide of comparative liberalism, he may have a chance of freedom." In his case, from private reports from Hungary, I am inclined to share your optimism. Usually, however, one must add: "If he is still alive." Reports on the treatment of prisoners in East European gaols seem to indicate that the traditional police cruelty has survived, and has perhaps worsened.

I know, for instance, of a number of minor political prisoners recently released in Rumania, who were beaten daily during their three years of imprisonment, and this not during questioning, but by their guards either for their own pleasure or as a method. The most recent news of Juliu Maniu dates from two years ago, when the octogenarian peasant leader was so thoroughly beaten up that he had to be taken urgently to the St. Vincent de Paul Hospital. Since then there has been no news of him. The hospital has kept its secret better than a grave.

This is why no effort should be spared to save as many of these men as quickly as possible, even though their release does not represent for all a return to normal life. For some of them it will be merely a change from prison to house arrest, and the prospect of living on the charity of the family and of friends who have some courage left.

I would have liked to believe the Vienna correspondent of *The Times*, reporting on October 17 the release of an old friend with whom I have so often disagreed, the former chairman of the Rumanian Socialist Party, C. Titel-Petrescu. But Vienna has proved rather an unreliable source for such news. For instance, Anna Pauker, who is officially still a member of the Rumanian Central Committee and lives in Bucharest, has several times been killed and resuscitated in reports from Vienna. Also from there some months ago came reports of the release of Petru Mihaila and Simeon Garbovan, the veteran leaders of the Rumanian miners. Yet they still are in prison.

Until such time as the Communists have the courage to admit the crimes they have committed and no longer make a mystery of the fate of those they have imprisoned without trial and without any respect even of their own laws, why should one believe in a "liberalisation" of their regime?

DANIEL NORMAN

THE LABOUR M.P.

SIR,—Mary Stewart's penetrating analysis of the biographical background of the members of the Parliamentary Labour Party is of great interest and importance. I wish she had been able to indicate how many of those with a university background had previously won a grammar school "free place" under the Balfour Education Act of 1902, which was justified at the time of its passage through Parliament as a measure which would bring the benefits of higher education within reach of the future leaders of the working-class movement.

It would be of great value if a similar biographical analysis could be made of the membership of a number of typical Labour groups on municipal and county councils. In this field the products of the free place system seem conspicuous by their absence, despite the fact that since 1902 tens of thousands of the ablest children from working-class homes have won free places into selective grammar schools.

It is becoming increasingly difficult to recruit to local councils men and women of the calibre of the trade unionist "born in the late Victorian era," whose biography is so vividly outlined by Mary Stewart. Though such men left school at 13 or 14, or even at 11, they later became the backbone of the Adult School movement and the W.E.A. tutorial. The corresponding youngsters of today are practically certain to win a grammar school free place at 11, and this seems in most cases to educate them out of the working-class movement altogether.

Labour-controlled councils and Labour groups at the local government level have to rely for their personnel on the products of the secondary modern school which, unlike the old elementary school, has been carefully creamed at 11 and 13 of all its ablest pupils. The failure of the products of the selective grammar school to shoulder responsibility for the important but unpaid work of local government seems to provide a strong social argument in favour of the comprehensive or bilateral secondary school. Otherwise, our educational system may divide the country into "two nations" almost as effectively as extremes of wealth and poverty divided it in Disraeli's time.

R. ST. JOHN READE

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THE SOUTHERN SUDAN

SIR,—In your issue of September 3, 1955, you suggested that the Southern Sudan should be given some kind of autonomy within the larger orbit of an independent Sudan. This, I believe, would be a highly desirable solution for our "Southern" problem were it not for a considerable number of practical difficulties.

In the first place, the Southern Sudan is composed of two ethnic groups, the Nilotes and the Firtit, the former being the more numerous, amounting to two-thirds of its population of two and a half million approximately. Though the Nilotes, superficially, may be considered the more primitive of the two groups (because they are stark naked and because they have so far resisted all outside influences concerning education), they are in fact the more advanced socially. For one thing, they have property in cattle. Moreover, they have been in touch with the cattle-owning tribes of the Northern Sudan for generations. To them the Northern Sudan is not a foreign land, and the Northern Sudanese are not such an alien people. Indeed, the Dinka (the largest tribe in the South, numbering over a million) speak of themselves as a lost branch of the Ja'aliyin (the largest Arab tribe in the North). They do not nurse any bitter memories of the slave trade, for the simple reason that they were slave-traders themselves, acting as the striking arm for Zubayr Pasha and his fellow slave-traders. The Firtit were their victims, and to this day they think of them as their lost slaves. To have a government run by Firtit clerks and "mamurs" (which would naturally follow from the concession of autonomy to the South) is the most abhorrent thing that could happen to the Dinka and their kinsmen the Nuer.

The Bari, the Latukuo, the Acholi, and the Azandi are unlike the Nilotes, a very primitive people, in spite of the veneer of education brought to them by the missionaries. Cannibalism used to be practised among the Azandi only a generation ago, and there is little doubt that clandestine cannibalism is still to be found. The Northern Sudanese are a very alien tribe to these people. They have only come in contact with them through the agency of the all-powerful white man. Now that the white man has gone, the Firtit do not see any reason why they should accept the rule of another African tribe whose strength has not been demonstrated to them. Finding themselves in possession of fire-arms, and having already been worked upon by treacherous outsiders, together with some of their own half-educated elements, they mutinied. The atrocities and mutilations (details of which may not have reached the British Press), which they inflicted on the Northern women and children, indicate that what may have begun as a political bid for power became an anarchistic orgy of blood lust and looting. The facility with which hitherto responsible medical assistants and police officials, together with the primitive people from the bush indulged in indiscriminate rape and murder, shows that all these years the African "ju-ju" has only been under the surface. More than one hint of the existence on the other side of Africa of this pertinent fact appears in Elspeth Huxley's book, *Four Guineas*.

The Nilotes, however, know where their own interests lie with regard to their relations with the Northerners. In Bahr Al Ghazal Province, it was the Dinka population that intimated the Latukuo garrison and frightened them when they showed signs of mutiny.

Furthermore, it might well be asked, if the South were to be given autonomy, would not the Masalit of Dar Fur (for so long a self-ruling community) and the Bija of the Red Sea Hills press for the same? What, then, would remain of the Northern Sudan once these provinces have been separated? There is, in fact, no such thing as a united Southern Sudan.

One cannot help thinking that the Northern Sudanese are now faced with one of the most puzzling dilemmas of modern times. As believers in democracy and the right of self-determination, we should agree to allow the South to practice its own self-rule, just as we have convinced the British and the Egyptians to allow us to run our own Government. However, as the Southern Sudanese are too backward and too divided among themselves to be able to exercise their natural right to self-rule, and as we cannot give up the South lest it should become a prize for the grasping settlers of Kenya, we should adopt something similar to the strong-arm imperialist policies which we have so recently been keen to criticise and condemn.

ABDULLA EL TAYIB

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PRIVATE PRACTICE AND HEALTH SERVICE

SIR,—The correspondence which has followed your article has largely been concerned with matters of fact which can easily be settled by reference to published figures or to the statutes of the Health Act and its regulations. For example, Dr. Fox is wrong in stating that "amenity beds" are only available on medical orders, and are reserved for the very ill. All single rooms in hospital are, at least nominally, at the disposal of the medical staff for the most seriously ill patients, but the amenity bed (hence its name) was introduced expressly to give privacy to those who desired it and were willing to pay the relatively small extra cost of providing this luxury. It is thought that about one in four of all adult patients desire to be alone in hospital: amenity beds are available for perhaps 0.5 per cent. Another point easily dealt with from published figures is the extraordinary suggestion that people wait longer for private beds than for public wards.

But what interests most people on this subject is

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LAWRENCE & WISHART

the question of principle. To what extent may a public service compromise with the principle of equal access in order to permit the purchase of privileges? To an extent which makes many people uneasy, we allow justice to be "bought" by the system which makes the most successful lawyers only available to the rich. Our grandfathers thought it a social injury that education should be the preserve of a minority, selected on no basis of merit but merely by the luck of inheritance or the capacity of their parents to amass a fortune, but until quite recently the grammar school was out of reach of very many children who were clever enough to profit by it. We have now agreed that higher education is not a luxury but a necessity. Private schools remain, but within the public educational service you cannot *buy* the smaller class, the better qualified teacher or special equipment and accommodation. In intention at least it is merit, not money, which decides what sort of education a child receives. So long as we have inequalities of income without super-abundance of goods, luxuries will be purchasable, and even if we had equality, we should not all buy the same luxuries. But justice, education and health are necessities, not luxuries, and once it is conceded (as it has been since 1944 for education, and since 1946 for health) that the State must provide them, the principle is established that service must be given on a basis of need, and on no other basis.

Within the National Health Service, therefore, there is no proper place for the patient who not only buys the luxury of a single room, but is also allowed to make a bid for extra safety by hiring, at a cost prohibitive for most people, specialists, special nurses, special apparatus, and above all more speedy treatment. It is this consideration which has made the Labour Party declare its intention of abolishing private beds in hospitals, and it is generally thought that private beds were only allowed to remain, when National Health Service was introduced by the Labour Party, because the Minister (Mr. Bevan) was told that this was one of the concessions which must be made if the active opposition of "consultants" to the service was to be avoided.

DUNCAN LEYS

Bickley, Kent.

MARX AS HISTORIAN

SIR,—Mr. Pearce informs me that M. N. Pokrovsky has been mentioned in Russia this year. This shows that I was not quite up to date in the changes of Soviet orthodoxy, and I acknowledge my error. But it does not alter the fact that Pokrovsky's works, publicly puffed by Lenin, were banned by Stalin in 1934. Nor does it answer my main point, clearly made in my previous letter, viz.: that Marx is not the essential inspirer of modern social and economic history, but merely a prominent figure in it. He has his followers, now blinded by their allegiance; but the main stream of historical study has passed him by. Historically, he remains a huge fossil lodged in a living stream, discolouring indeed a thin trickle of it, but without influence upon its further course.

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

Christ Church, Oxford.

F. M. ALEXANDER

SIR,—I have been gravely disappointed in the obituaries of an undoubtedly gifted man that have appeared not only in *The Times* and the *Manchester Guardian* but in your journal, where he is dismissed with the faint praise that damns.

The truth is that F. M. Alexander made a unique contribution to human well-being, and one which is still, in spite of famous adherents, not yet fully appreciated. He showed that all physical education up till now (although glimpses of light have been seen in various quarters recently) has been on a faulty basis. Experts have been dealing piecemeal with a mechanism which is essentially an organic whole, and Alexander showed how this wholeness could be maintained. This necessitates an understanding not only of man's skeleton and musculature but also of his psychological mechanism. The vast majority of people today are trapped in fixed habits of bodily attitude (not unrelated to their mental attitude) which seriously handicap them, albeit unconsciously, and it is often only when serious harm has resulted in bodily pain or inability to be at ease that they seek relief—too often the relief of some palliative. Alexander believed that only by taking responsibility for one's physical behaviour can one be free of these stresses, and he not only showed that it is necessary, giving all the essential details, but how it can be done. Let me readily admit that I think he was often his own enemy in the way he broadcast his ideas, but he never believed his methods provided a panacea, and he specifically states so in one of his books.

I personally owe life and career to Alexander; and not only did he help many people but he taught me, and others, to do the same, although my methods now vary a great deal from his. Incidentally, the Isobel Cripps Centre was founded on the basis of my own work and was, I am sorry to say, opposed and rejected by my old friend and helper "F. M."

CHARLES A. NEIL

The Re-education Centre,
18 Lansdowne Road, W.11.

ROYAL MARRIAGE

SIR,—I found this verse recently: the sex is not appropriate, but the rest seems topical.

ON THE ROYAL MARRIAGE ACT

Quoth Dick to Tom,—This Act appears
Absurd, as I'm alive,
To take the Crown at eighteen years,
The Wife at twenty-five.

The mystery how shall *we* explain
For, sure, as Dowdeswell said,
Thus early if they're fit to *reign*
They must be fit to *wed*!

Quoth Tom to Dick,—Thou art a fool,
And little knowst of life,
Alas! 'tis easier far to rule a kingdom
Than a wife."—*Annual Register* 1772, *p.* 217.

Dowdeswell was an M.P. who spoke against the Marriage Act in the House of Commons.

RICHARD FREEMAN

1 Temple Gardens, E.C.

FLEET STREET NOTEBOOK

SIR,—Mr. Francis Williams ought to read the *Daily Sketch* a little more often. He misquotes *Time* magazine's listing of *Sketch* "priorities." "Alarm ringing" in THE NEW STATESMAN was "alarm ringing political coverage" when it appeared in *Time*. This misquotation is followed by a statement by Mr. Williams that the *Sketch* represents a "retreat from politics and . . . public affairs."

If he read the paper regularly he would know how many votes the vigour and punch of the *Daily Sketch* swung away from the Socialists at the last election. He would be informed of the lead given by the *Sketch* in arousing public opinion in the Soho scandal, a demand for action now supported by the *News Chronicle* and *Sunday Express*, and praised by the *Daily Herald*.

He lists, it appears, as "frivolous matters" stories on two days about a girl who, although convicted of no crime, was sent first to prison and then to Borstal. This case "gravely disturbed" a Bench of magistrates and an M.P. pressed the Home Office for an inquiry.

However, Mr. Williams has to admit the justice of our claim to be Britain's fastest growing newspaper. So it can be assumed that very few people agree with his "gloomy conclusions." And that suits us fine.

HERBERT GUNN,
Daily Sketch. *Editor*

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Beau Sabreur

The party will be large and rather free
And people will be given lots of rope
The Duke of Dorset, M.F.H., K.G.,
Will bring a *divorcée* in heliotrope.

How that unpublished ballade conjures up the Edwardian week-end for us, the tangles in the corridors, the stale cigar smoke, the belching, burping, stud-popping and glove-bursting at the billiard table, the thick tumblers of b. and s.! We must lay aside our nostalgia-coloured spectacles and admit that in spite of Max and Marie Lloyd and the Enigma Variations, the clip-clop of hansom cabs, the virtues of Kipps and Tommy Atkins, the mashers in the Row standing three-deep on park benches for a glimpse of Mrs. Langtry, it was a vicious age, an age "of fevered luxury . . . of peculiar human ineptitude." "People"—it is Sir Harold Nicolson speaking—"possessed false values and they endeavoured, fortunately without success, to impose those values upon their children. The whole glittering decade passed in an atmosphere of plethoric friction. It is time that the jade and lobster of the Edwardian epoch was exposed."

When we think of Belloc, it is as the great head-hunter of this Edwardian wasteland. He is the ironic champion of the Maxim gun, the chronicler of Hell and Mrs. Roebeck:

And so through each declining phase
Of empty effort, jaded wit,
And day by day of London days,
Obscurely, more obscurely lit;
Until the uncertain shadows flit
Announcing to the shuddering air
A Darkening, and the end of it:—
And Mrs. Roebeck will be there.

Indeed, Belloc's gallery of grinning skulls, his dons, politicians, financiers, clubmen, *nouveaux riches* and Protectionist buccaneers—Lambkin, Captain Sin, Emmanuel Burden, Mr. Clutterbuck, Sir Charles T. Repton and the rest—are the precursors of Sweeney, Madame Sosostris and the Bradford millionaire. The greed, *accidia* and uprootedness of these "dreadful Guardians of the Pit" found their true end-product in Alfred Prufrock.

It is safe to say that in the past twenty years more nonsense has been talked about Belloc than about any other great English writer, with the possible exception of Kipling. A great man has been consistently denigrated and dishonoured because his faith and political opinions happened to be at variance with the ethos of Mr. Gollancz (not then a fellow-travelling Zen Buddhist) and of the Left Book Club. A dozen bad and absurdly prejudiced historical works, written at reckless speed in his sixties to earn money, gave a phalanx of dons—effectual and ineffectual—the opportunity for a smokescreen of sneers that has effectively hidden Belloc's genius from a generation of readers; they have been headed off from *The Four Men*, *The Path to Rome*, and *The Cruise of the "Nona"** by some Lambkin's self-righteous annotation of *Cranmer* or *Characters of the Reformation*.

One of Belloc's greatest qualities as a writer is energy. Though it has become the fashion to admire minuscule genius, the merest glance at his bibliography is staggering. He had, as he himself wrote of his hero Ronsard, "that power, which our anæmic age can hardly comprehend, of writing, writing, writing, without fear of exhaustion, without irritability or self-criticism, without danger of comparing the better with the worse." Even more impressive is the variety of his masteries as a writer. He rings all the changes, from the wit and high spirits of *The Cautionary Tales*, the exquisite fooling of *Belinda*, the sombreness and gaiety of *The Four Men* (my own favourite), to the nobility of his poem *In Praise of Wine* and the grave disquisitions of *The Cruise of the "Nona."* On most of the great themes of life—poetry, religion, love, war and revolution, the loneliness of old age and "the passing of human affection"—few men have written so greatly.

I think that he will be remembered primarily as an ironist, rather than as a poet. As one might expect, he had no high opinion of Voltaire. *Rasselas*, he contrarily thought, was a much finer book than *Candide*—"the second is like the blows of a hammer chiselling out a marble statue of great perfection, but the first is like a rhythmical swell of deep water." Yet at its best, Belloc's irony is masterly and in the manner of the master. Take this passage, for instance, in which Mrs. Markham discusses the police and the Battle of Sidney Street:

Tommy: What do they do, Mamma, when, after the policemen have hit and hit and hit with their truncheons, and yet people will not obey?

Mrs. Markham: Such a case, my dear Tommy, very rarely occurs. There was, indeed, one case which was very grave.

Mary (eagerly): Do tell us about it, Mamma?

Mrs. M.: I will. Houndsditch was infested at that time with no less than two desperadoes. I am glad to say they were not English, but Lithuanian in religion; and though the police were only too willing to hit them on the head with their truncheons it was impossible to get at them; for they *would* shoot off revolvers, so that it was really dangerous for the police to go near.

Mary: Did they succeed in getting away, dear Mamma?

Mrs. M.: I never heard, my dear, what happened to these wicked men, but, anyhow, they never reappeared. Some say that one of them was burnt alive when the police set fire to the house.

Tommy: I am very glad to hear this, Mamma. But I suppose this does not often happen?

Mrs. M.: No, my dear. It has never happened before, and I hope it will never happen again.

That surely is as Voltairean as anything in English.

It is true that in *The Cruise of the "Nona"* Belloc went on record as being an admirer of Mussolini. That was in 1925, when the Duce commanded the emotional support of a number of great Englishmen, including Sir Winston Churchill. Unhappily, he also supported General Franco. As against this, he was the forecaster of Hitler and the avowed enemy of German militarism in all its guises, at a time when his great opponent, Shaw, in plays like *Geneva*, was indulging in a nakedly egoistic display of Hitler- and Stalin-worship that it still sickens one to read. Belloc at least had convictions. Mr. Edmund Wilson's brilliant study of the later Shaw as a political man should be read by all who wish to understand the psychology of that vain old sophist.

The clue to Belloc's character, of course, is that mentally he was a Frenchman. It has become a fashionable smear to compare him to Maurras and Claudel but, in fact, he had little in common with either. Unlike Maurras, he was a Christian and, though he had some slight measure of Claudel's greatness as a poet, the failure of his life from a worldly point of view proves that he was without Claudel's unscrupulousness, opportunism and hypocrisy. Belloc really loved the poor and hated social injustice; Claudel only affected to do so. If Belloc resembles anyone, it is Péguy. Both had the same simplicity, the same grandeur, the same fierce sense of national epic; both had the same undiscriminating patriotism. France, like England, has her two nations and Belloc was at home in either. In his fine memoir of his friend, Mr. J. B. Morton tells us that one one occasion he sang,

in a very delicate, light voice some song of the Court of Louis XVI. "That was how they sang before the Revolution." Then he suddenly bellowed with all the power of his lungs the *Chant du Départ*: "That was how they sang when the Revolution came. . . ."

At the close of his *Marie Antoinette* the guns of Wattignies alternate heroically with the rouged, sunken-eyed woman in the tumbril; the plumage and the dying bird are reconciled.

Belloc's colossal vision of '89, his sense of all that it meant to Frenchmen and to European civilisation, inspired his finest prose. He wrote nothing better than his pen-portraits of Robespierre, Danton and St. Just. "God," he wrote of the first, "had given him a kind of stone tabernacle within the soul, where he could treasure absolute truths and this tabernacle remained impregnable." His description of the death of Danton is among the greatest pieces of revolutionary writing in all literature: it is in the direct line of Carlyle and Michelet and Trotsky (it says, incidentally, in 30 pages all that M. Camus takes so long to say in *L'Homme Revolté*).

Yet, paradoxically, it was the very strength of his feeling for the Revolution that was responsible for Belloc's warped view of political democracy. Perhaps I can best explain what I mean by an analogy with Rimbaud. Sometime in the 1870s a jerrymandering patriot named Paul de Cassagnac called on the Bonapartists and Republicans of the day "to remember their fathers in '92." This was too much for Rimbaud, who thereupon wrote the great sonnet that begins "*Morts de Quatre-vingt-douze et de Quatre-vingt-treize, . . .*" and ends with searing irony, "*Messieurs de Cassagnac nous reparlent de vous!*"

Belloc felt the same. For him political democracy was simply a sham, a huge piece of shadow boxing staged by the MM. de Cassagnac of the Commons or the French Chamber. In 1911, when Asquith and Balfour, after the greatest

* *The Cruise of the "Nona."* By HILAIRE BELLOC. With an Introduction by LORD STANLEY OF ALDERLEY. *Constable.* 20*s.*

† *One Thing and Another: A Miscellany From His Uncollected Essays.* By HILAIRE BELLOC. Chosen by PATRICK CAHILL. *Hollis & Carter.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

crisis in British political history since the Reform Bill, shocked their supporters by hobnobbing amiably with one another at F. E. Smith's fancy-dress party, there were plenty of Englishmen who agreed with him. But Belloc's view was far more distorted than that. For him the House of Commons was not only a sham, it was a racket, a talking-shop of crooks, puppets and international high finance, manipulated for the sake of private gain in the interests of the Rich. Applying the prejudices of a militant French clerical to the House, he saw Westminster through a glass darkly. He died believing Lloyd George had taken bribes from Rufus Isaacs, just as he died believing in the guilt of Dreyfus. In 1940 the late Hugh Kingsmill, and a friend who has told me the story, visited Belloc at King's Land. They talked of poetry and politics, of wine and travel, in a vain effort to draw the old man out. It was the day after Churchill had made one of his great war-time broadcasts and, at length, my friend, throwing up the sponge, asked Belloc if he had heard the Prime Minister the previous evening. The old tiger's eyes lit up for an instant: "Churchill!" he spat out, "that Yankee careerist!"

Belloc's old age was unenviable. His wife and two sons died, death took Chesterton and many other friends, his life grew cold and penurious. As Mr. Morton has told us, he was filled with remorse for the damage he had done his spirit by so many years of vindictiveness and combat. One by one his *personæ*, the strands of temperament that he personified in *The Four Men*—The Poet, The Sailor, Grizzlebeard and Myself—slipped away into the shadows. There is something Miltonic about those last obscure ten years of Belloc's life. In a terrible essay entitled "A Tender Farewell to the World,"† he rages blindly against a humanity that has become hateful to him. It is an essay full of loathing and I am sorry that Mr. Cahill should have reprinted it. It is unworthy of a great writer and it does not express the man that his friends knew or that his readers know. Here, instead, in a postcard to his friend from Brussels, is Belloc in his good time.

> Here I sit, just on the spot where the detestable Hoorn millionaires had their traitorous heads chopped off: would they had caught the ringleader, William of Orange, but he lived on to do untold evil with his vast fortune, and to ruin Christendom and the poor. It is an afternoon of Paradise. No noise in the great square, soft sunlight and excellent white port at 4½d. the large glass.

Here we may justly take leave of him.

JOHN RAYMOND

In the Movement

Movement, not matter. First the honest clack
Of stiff iambs (no sensualist, we think),
Crossing the points then, riding the other track:
The swerve of blood beneath the graph of ink.

Feeling so pruned—oneself seen at remove,
The poet 'tough' because the verse is 'hard'—
Lacks, not control, but space in which to move,
The scene's no landscape, but a shunting-yard.

'I want, I want,' the metronomic tones
Disclose the vacancy of needs far worse
Than all the feeling your restraint disowns:
The irony haunts you, but not your verse.

CHARLES TOMLINSON

The Non-Political Soldier

Panzer Battles 1939-1945. By MAJOR-GENERAL F. W. VON MELLENTHIN. *Cassell.* 36*s.*

"In this book," writes General Mellenthin, "I have attempted to set out the main tactical lessons emerging from the war of 1939-45, and in particular to stress the dangers we all face from the immense and well-organised armies of the Soviet Union."

Let us first look at the author. General Mellenthin seems to be a typical, able, and in his way attractive member of that German military hierarchy which, rightly or wrongly, we have learned so deeply to distrust. He comes from a good military family in East Germany, served with the cavalry, graduated via the *Kriegsakademie* to the General Staff, and remained a staff officer throughout the war. Few men can have seen so much fighting or be better able to analyse it. He served in Poland, France and Greece; in Africa and, for two years, in Russia; in Lorraine against Patton and in the Ardennes under Rundstedt; and ended his career as Chief of Staff to the Fifth Panzer Army, trapped in the ruins of the Ruhr. We see him in the illustrations to his book, sleek, deft, efficient, at the elbow of Rommel, Balck and Model, and can visualise him swiftly unravelling their brusque orders and transmitting them to the huge units under their command. He was the dedicated technician, the non-political soldier.

Other military technicians will read what he has to say with the deepest interest. They will see again that the Germans owed their victories in France and Africa, not to longer preparation or superior strength, but to the orthodox military virtues of speed and surprise. To meet the British offensive in November 1941 Rommel had 395 tanks against 748; and to study his method of dividing the enemy and crushing him in detail is to see again the tactics of the young Napoleon in Italy—who was also dealing with a large, well-equipped and courageous army, led and lost by cautious generals who could never concentrate their forces and who were always worrying about their supplies. But in Russia the Germans met their match. The Red Army commanders were as bold as their own, and far more ruthless in their acceptance of casualties. Seldom can there have been a conflict between antagonists so well-matched, and the account of these battles, swaying to and fro over hundreds of square miles, is quite absorbing. Manstein was possibly the greatest commander produced by either side during the war, and Mellenthin brings forward more evidence for the view that, but for Hitler's interference, he and Guderian could have decided the campaign. There will be no lack of critics to argue that this is simply a new "stab-in-the-back" legend; but they will have to make out a very good case.

On the level of tactics, then, this is an admirable and instructive book, more detailed than Guderian's and wider in scope than Westphal's. But wars are not simply a matter of tactics, the last war least of all. Mellenthin criticises Hitler's strategy; he points out his error in attacking Poland without ensuring that Britain and France would not intervene; he condemns him for challenging simultaneously Britain, Russia and the U.S.A.; but he has no other criticism of the war. It was inopportunely declared and clumsily conducted: that was all. He admits his knowledge of the activities of party officials and the S.S. behind the Eastern front, and confesses a mild distaste for them: one cannot put it more strongly. Yet he writes feelingly of Russian atrocities; gives plangent statistics of the allied help to Russia; and declares that "What happened between the Vistula and the Oder in the first months of the year 1945 is beyond description; nothing has been seen like it in Europe since the collapse of the Roman Empire."

Mellenthin comes from the eastern provinces, and one can understand his feelings. But how can one explain to him, and to so many like him who fought bravely, skilfully, and according to their lights honourably for their country, that no Russian atrocities can efface from our minds the abominations of Hitler's New Order in Europe, with its policy of scientific extermination, its cold-blooded elevation of sadism to a civic virtue? Do German generals ever wonder what would have happened if they had *won* the war? If they do, perhaps they will understand why we find it so difficult to accept them as partners in that western civilisation, on the defence of which they are now offering such assiduous and expert advice.

MICHAEL HOWARD

The Reluctant Oracle

The Foreseeable Future. By GEORGE THOMSON. *Cambridge.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The future is not foreseeable—that is why it is interesting. The only lasting interest in books about the future lies in what Chesterton once called the oldest human game—that of Cheat-the-Prophet. In *The Napoleon of Notting Hill* Chesterton tried his own guess; which was just as wrong as anybody else's. His book opens, as we all remember, in the world of tomorrow, which was to be exactly like that of the concluding years of the nineteenth century!

Belloc sketched a future in which the aged and decadent British Empire had been compelled to hand over Ceylon to the more virile Italians. Wells's world when the Sleeper waked was a society in which a very small rich class owned everything, and the vast majority of the population, for some reason never very clearly explained, lived in life-long penury and servitude, dressed each in a single suit of blue canvas, and seldom seeing the light of day. While Bernard Shaw, going as he said, "as far as mind could reach" drew a set of semi-immortal intellectuals living in a state of such appalling monotony that they would, if they could, certainly have shattered it to bits and reverted to the gay and colourful days of Eliza Doolittle and Professor Higgins—a period which Shaw professed to find intolerable.

The interest of this present book is to see what a High Scientist makes of the game when he tries his hand at it. The trouble is, that a High Scientist has a conscience, which continually plucks at his elbow and murmurs, "You can't say that, you know. It isn't justified by the data." A High Scientist is therefore at a great disadvantage as compared with the writers of science fiction. What is more, he is no more likely to be right than they are.

Sir George Thomson might justly be called dull in his dealings with the future. Where he is fascinating, is in his dealings with the immediate scientific past; and still more, with the scientific present. Take his remarks about the uniformity of things, for example—"the tendency which nature shows, to repeat almost indefinitely each entity it makes." One might call it nature, one might call it God, one might call it anything. But it certainly suggests a subject for consideration; and suggests it with a sledge-hammer. It is, literally, a staggering thought that there is not in the whole universe of galaxies, any component part which we do not find in Manchester. The idea of Manchester extended on the wings of the morning to the most boundless limits of space, the fact that the whole immensity of immensities is homogeneous to such an extent, is the sort of thought that one wants to ponder upon, contemplating one's umbilicus, for the next twenty years. When Sir George Thomson, not content with that, mentions that this same "working to pattern" appears in the infinitely little—that there are about enough atoms in the ink that makes one letter of this sentence to provide not only one for every inhabitant of the earth, but one for every creature, if each star of our galaxy had a planet as populous as the earth—and each such atom recognisably identical with its neighbours—one finds his forecast, that monkeys might be taught to pick fruit for us, a considerable anti-climax.

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biology (this is where the monkeys come in) and certain social consequences which may be expected from all this. This last is, of course, the point in which everyone is interested. But Sir George Thomson looks at this question and passes by on the other side, taking refuge in the biggest problem of all, that of the clever and the stupid, in the sentence "But this is politics, and the outcome is unforeseeable, though it is safe to say that the problem . . . of providing jobs for the less intelligent half of the community will be one of the headaches of future politicians." A forecast of headaches for politicians is a fairly safe bet by anybody on anything. It compares poorly with his assertion of faith at the conclusion of this chapter, "I believe that space-travel will come fairly soon," which he thinks will provide that outlet for adventure whose repression he considers is one of the real causes of wars. As a further outlet he pleads for greater facilities for the original and traditional life of man—that of the huntsman. But this has nothing to do with foreseeing the future. He just thinks he would like it. Sir George Thomson is very dubious about the benefits of the recent invention of agriculture. "Man," he says, "has been an agricultural animal for less than 10,000 years"—a tick of the clock of eternity. It will be a sad thing, he believes, if all the pleasant places in the world have to be used for growing crops; and the advantage he sees of being able to make food in factories is that it will release large areas of the world for hunting and fishing. In fact, huntin', shootin' and fishin'! The oracle has spoken. But what it says will not be acceptable to many of the worshippers.

This open mind, the touchstone of the true scientist, makes this book very indeterminate in its actual attempts to set down anything concrete about the future, but makes it, on the contrary, a continuing source of fresh stimuli about the present. The final chapter, the chapter on thought, has the startling title of "Thought Artificial and Natural." But after detailing the latest advances in electronic brains, and even in artificial "animals" which can learn their way through a maze, and even forget this knowledge if left too long without practice, Sir George Thomson suddenly plumps down on his knees before the infinitely more striking spectacle of the brain of the ordinary man. "This complex instrument," he says,

> which we all have . . . with its countless possible interconnections, vastly exceeds anything we are ever likely to make . . . so unlike the unorganised masses we physicists study, which show at best the rather banal wallpaper patterns that crystals display.

He goes, quite humbly, into the evidence for pre-recognition, and even for telekinesis, "the power of influencing events . . . without the intervention of ordinary forces", which is to say, witchcraft, or if you like, the power of prayer. He comes to the conclusion that the evidence for these is "quite good, good enough to produce acceptance of what is claimed, were it not such a fundamental upsetting of the systems of thought accepted by most moderns, and especially by scientists."

Now you see the charm of the book. And you can also see with what a wrench Sir George Thomson drags himself away from the fascinating picture unfolding day by day before his very eyes, to produce oracular prognostications about events which, in any case, the iron fist of time will write for us only too clearly, and all too soon.

WALTER ELLIOT

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"He has struck his earlier, richer vein . . . . it contains some of the best tales he has written"
JOHN DAVENPORT (*Observer*)
12/6
MICHAEL JOSEPH

Pundits and Pioneers

Abode of Snow. By KENNETH MASON. *Hart-Davis.* 25*s.*

Probably the first Europeans to cross the Himalaya were Father Antonio de Andrade and Brother Manuel Marques, who set out from Agra in March 1624 to search for a Christian community said to be living in Tibet: "Our feet were frozen and frostbitten," recorded de Andrade, "so much so that we did not feel it when later they touched a piece of red-hot iron." The resolution and dedication of these two Portuguese Jesuits very fittingly introduce Professor Mason's masterly account of the exploration and climbing of the Himalaya. From the records of the Indian Survey and his own memories as a Survey Officer, from the publications of learned societies, from books long out of print as well as from the swollen literature of the Himalaya today, he has compiled the first book on the subject, and it really does fill a gap. Mercifully, he has served up his facts dry—no rhetoric, no cheap romance, and he has left it to the illustrations to render the scene—but the enterprise clearly springs from, and is shot through with, a devotion to these wonderful mountains and to their people. Explorers who, like Bruce and Longstaff, built up a tradition of friendly sympathy with Balti, Sherpa and Bhotia, come in for a special word of praise; the few who were harsh or mean are severely written down.

Religion, trade, politics, and philanthropy drove men up the gorges and across the passes long before anyone came there for pleasure. In 1774 Warren Hastings sent a Company civilian on a trade mission from Assam to Tibet. In 1812 William Moorcroft, veterinary surgeon to the Bengal Government, made a journey to the mountains to buy new strains for horse-breeding: disguised as a fakir, he reached Tibet by a pass east of Kamet, and, after six months of adventure and imprisonment, arrived back with new light on the Ganges and Sutlej. Younghusband's great journeys in the Eighties and Nineties were prompted by the need to put down Hunza raiders and find out what the Russians were up to on the far side of the range.

The first traveller to admit that he came mainly for sport or adventure was W. W. Graham, who in 1883, with a couple of Swiss guides, made some enterprising journeys in Sikkim and Kumaon. He was the first of a line, stretching up to the latest light expedition today, of those who have added to knowledge as a by-product of their own enjoyment. Half Professor Mason's book is taken up with the climbing of the Himalaya, and in his summary of all expeditions up to last year—he is wonderfully up to date—it is possible to distinguish two main lines of approach: the mountain travellers like Conway, Longstaff, Shipton and Tilman, with whom the climbing of a peak is incidental to exploring new country; and the big expeditions, often driven by a sense of national prestige or competition, directed at one mountain. Clearly Professor Mason's sympathies are with the travellers rather than the besiegers. But he has a professional dig at some mountaineers who, exploring new country, complain of inaccuracies in existing maps: "They like to have it both ways: to be the first there and to have had surveyors there before them."

Recent events in the Himalaya have been remarkable enough, and Professor Mason does justice to the highlights of Everest, Nanga Parbat, K2. But these stories are relatively familiar, and for many the outstanding interest of the book will be in the chapters describing the remarkable but unpublicised exploits of the Indian Survey. Professor Mason was a surveyor himself before he was a climber, and his real heroes, one feels, are the men who risked fever, frostbite and imprisonment to make their observations, who lugged twelve-inch theodolites to the tops of high mountains (by 1862, thirty-seven peaks over 20,000 feet and five over 21,000 had been climbed in the course of survey work) and, like his own Gurkhas, stayed on top for as much as a week on end to catch helio signals from other observation posts. In his pages, Sir George Everest becomes more than the man whose name was attached to the highest mountain: he is the Surveyor General whose Great Arc of the Meridian, completed in 1841, was the basis of all calculations of height in India: "No man before or since has done so much for the geography of Asia."

The most intriguing, though, of the early figures are the pundits, the Indians who were trained to explore and observe in frontier regions where no Europeans would have been tolerated. Passing themselves off as traders or lamas, carrying compasses that pointed to Mecca and rosaries that helped them count their steps and compute distances, hiding their notes in prayer-wheels, they are characters straight out of *Kim*. Their journeys had to be secret, and they were known by code-words or numbers. MH, a Hindu pundit, made the first circuit of the Everest group in 1871; AK, a Bhotia, started from Darjeeling in 1878, reached Lhasa, was stripped and beaten-up in Chang-tang but pushed on to Mongolia and Chinese Kansu, carrying out a route survey all the way. "Four years after his departure, when hope of his return had been abandoned, he arrived back in India, worn out, but with complete details of all his travels." Less admirable was the Chinese pundit who was to help clear up the problem of whether the Tsangpo flowed out through Assam or Burma. He was sent to Tibet in 1880 and told to throw marked logs into the Tsangpo, which would be looked for in the supposed lower reaches of the river in Assam. Once in Tibet he decamped to China, and sold his servant into slavery. After two years the watch for the logs was given up; two years after that the servant, Kinthup, appeared in India. He had escaped, and traced the Tsangpo down to within 35 miles of the plains. Though he was quite illiterate, his verbal report was so graphic and detailed that a map was drawn from it; and when, 30 years later, the next explorers of the Tsangpo proved his story true and his observations accurate, Kinthup was brought to Simla to be rewarded by the Viceroy. Very properly, too: mapping the Himalaya could evoke, from both British and Indian, as much devotion as looking for Christians in Tibet.

JANET ADAM SMITH

A Painter's Criticism

The Changing Forms of Art. By PATRICK HERON. *Routledge.* 28*s.*

I will even go so far as to suggest that the critic should try to purify his writing of any sort of verbal felicities which might deflect attention from the work under discussion by attracting it to himself.

Other critics may think that Mr. Patrick Heron is over-severe—and not upon them alone. He, who can write of "flat, small, gale-levelled hills," or who can say of Soutine's painting that "under the mad whirl of pigment . . . gristle gleams: gleams, grimaces and groans" might almost be accused of fine writing. In fact, many of Mr. Heron's colleagues are likely to envy him his fluent, persuasive flow of language and to consider that he is never more felicitous and useful as a critic than when he makes his presence felt. In these essays, lectures and reviews—many of them unpublished—the author is, frequently, almost conversational; he cultivates the repetitions, the hesitations and the asides of speech; he arrests his reader, bidding him look at that which should please him; he is an enthusiastic, hardly ever a minatory critic, and his enthusiasm can be infectious. The products of eight years, much of it journalism and much of it written in a style that suggests that the writer is constructing his argument as he goes along, are bound to contain contradictions, nor can the *obiter dicta* of an excited enthusiast always be sensible. One should not object to being told that "the grey white light of St. Ives comes from every direction simultaneously," or that "Velasquez's weakness is in respect of colour." Minor absurdities of this kind are excusable in a critic who is, on the whole, reasonable, open-minded and informed by a generous love of painting. This loquacious, free and easy, near miss sort of comment is by no means disagreeable and, indeed, has very great value so long as the writer is simply telling us about his emotions, telling us what a good painter Braque is or how much he admires Ivon Hitchens. But when the writer proceeds to generalise or to attempt theoretical constructions the results are less happy. They can, in fact, be disastrous.

. . . in the most vital art of the last four decades [Mr. Heron is discussing portrait-painting] man relegates himself to the status of the semi-animate, the half-living, the ghost-like: he sees himself as a stick of furniture, being jostled like a rickety umbrella rack. If his image of himself here or there regains a forceful vitality commensurate in any sense with full human personality, then it is the primitive, aggressive lustful vitality of a pagan god that informs it. . . .

Now what are we to make of this? Is it simply the result of careless thought and careless writing? Consider the works of painters such as Coldstream, Sickert, Vuillard, Gilman. Can the human beings in their pictures really be described in these terms? I think not (nor do I think that it would be hard to extend this list of names). It follows, then, that these artists are in some way less vital than those of their contemporaries who can be included in the author's generalisation. But what is meant by "vitality"? Mr. Heron is rather fond of the word and, in one context, he very nearly equates it with beauty. This meaning, however, almost ceases to be tenable when we are told that: ". . . art has never been more energetic or vital than during the last forty years. . . ." Is it, perhaps, possible to divorce "vitality" from those other qualities which we value in a work of art? May one say that Caravaggio is more vital than Raphael, Franz Hals than Paul Potter or Phil May than Frances Hodgkins? Is it this species of vitality that Mr. Heron has in mind? It is conceivable; but he seems to hint at yet another meaning:

. . . if "contemporary" as an adjective applied to painting is somehow held to denote vital excellence —the vitality of the really new: the excellence of a practitioner of the foremost powers—then Bonnard was "contemporary" right into his eightieth year.

Contemporary with whom, and how can con-

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temporaneity of any kind denote excellence? These may seem pedantic questions, but a writer who pays so little attention to the meaning of words is likely to be misunderstood and a reader might be forgiven for supposing that here the word "vitality" means little more than "modernity." I do not think that Mr. Heron could be guilty of such nonsense; but I do find it hard to disengage his true meaning. In passages such as these he will hardly be accused of "verbal felicities"; but he might do well to "purify his writing."

QUENTIN BELL

Too Little of a Blackguard

Robert Bridges: Poetry and Prose. Edited by JOHN SPARROW. *Oxford.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

From the beginning of his long poetic career Bridges worked with undeflected singleness of mind to achieve the well-defined purpose he set himself—the search for beauty. There are many kinds of beauty, and nearly all of them were beyond the limits of either his experience or his desire. His kinds of beauty were those which are represented in human behaviour by decorum, scholarliness, pleasant manners; in art by neatness of form; in nature by a rock-garden. He was himself handsome, leonine, athletic, of independent means; his life appears to have been without inner conflict or external stress. Whether he avoided experience which was passionate and disruptive, or simply never met it, we do not know. His respectability was not like Browning's, a passion; it was a principle. Keats's sensuality made Bridges uncomfortable; Donne's revolted him. Sir Walter Raleigh summed him up rather cattily, in words from which it is difficult to dissent: "R.B. says he can't bear Donne, because Donne was a sensualist. R.B. is a pernickety, dainty, wilful, self-indulgent chaste old bird. Just a shade too little of a blackguard."

It would be wrong to resent Bridges for having been happy, fortunate, and without psychological interest. But for a poet he had extraordinary disadvantages. Habitual happiness may make ecstasy impossible; the unremitting search for one kind of beauty may blind one to other, more unexpected visions.

Most of Bridge's admirers have adopted a lukewarm, defensive, even apologetic tone. The critics quoted at the beginning of this volume are almost unanimous in regarding him as a miniaturist, an indefatigable craftsman, incapable of dealing with large themes; but, they maintain, he was an exquisite technician, and although he wrote no great poems, he created a large number of what they call "perfect lyrics." None of them tells us what perfection is, nor how much it is worth without inspiration or passion; nor do we learn what is special about the "lyric" that it need contain no intense or moving experience. According to Mr. Sparrow, "to write a perfect lyric is a rare achievement, and Bridges repeated the miracle perhaps more often than any other English poet."

Included in this selection is the lyric beginning

> I will not let thee go.
> Ends all our month-long love in this?
> Can it be summed up so.
> Quit in a single kiss?
> I will not let thee go.

And here is Wyatt, with whom Bridges has been compared:

> And wilt thou leave me thus?
> Say nay, say nay, for shame,
> To save thee from the blame
> Of all my grief and grame;
> And wilt thou leave me thus?
> Say nay, say nay!

To read and compare these two poems in full is to realise that Bridges was simply playing with words. He wrote no language. Wyatt wrote Tudor English. Moreover, he wrote for the lute: his poems were not supposed to stand alone, though I think the best of them do.

Of Bridges's metrical experiments Dowden said "there is nothing revolutionary . . . they amount to little more than nicely calculated variations of stress." Hopkins, always a loyal friend and a generous reader, realised that Bridges had no real understanding of the "sprung rhythm" which he borrowed from him.

"It would be wrong," Mr. Sparrow tells us, "to infer from his intense interest in minutiæ that the feelings he put into his poetry were either shallow or artificial." "The feelings he put into his poetry" is a revealing phrase. The trouble, it seems to me, with all this sort of genteel dainty writing, is that everything is put into it by the poet: real poetry is valued for what gets into it sub-consciously, or super-consciously, or unconsciously. As Mr. Connolly put it: "The defect is obvious: lack of inspiration. No poet seems so consistently without it." Desmond MacCarthy praised extravagantly this triolet:

> When first we met we did not guess
> That Love would prove so hard a master;
> Of more than common friendliness
> When first we met we did not guess.
> Who could foretell this sore distress,
> This irretrievable disaster
> When first we met?—We did not guess
> That Love would prove so hard a master.

To me this is nothing more than a very artful piece of writing *about* an experience; there is no evidence of any feelings other than verbal ones. One has only to think of the many poignant poems that such situations wrung from Hardy to realise the difference between poetry and "the perfect lyric."

The qualities of Bridges's writing are, according to Symons, wisdom and temperance; the word which Mr. Sparrow uses for Bridges's avoidance of most of the life of his time is "integrity." With all his wisdom, his temperance, his integrity, his poems do not seem to me worthy of addition to a series which includes Spenser, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats, but not Chaucer, Jonson, Herbert, Marvell and Blake.

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Black Thursday

The Great Crash. By J. K. GALBRAITH. *Hamish Hamilton.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

On October 24th, 1929, the capitalist system in the United States received the worst shock it has ever yet had to experience. During a couple of hours on that fatal morning the monetary value of the capital invested in American industry, as measured by the price of shares on the New York Stock Exchange, had shrunk by as much as the entire cost of their 1917-18 war. Yet where had the money gone? There had been no great cataclysm of nature. A planetary observer looking down on the States would have seen the fields still being cultivated, the factories still humming, and the population carrying on with the business of life in exactly the same way as the day before. Only from inside a building off Broad Street in New York "a weird roar", as Professor Galbraith calls it, could be heard. That was the first breath of the storm-wind that was to blast the whole world with depression during the next three years.

In this enthralling history of the great stock-market crash Professor Galbraith, although a professional economist, describes what actually happened, without any recourse to technical jargon. The simplest explanation is enough to account for the disappearance of all that money in a flash: it was never there in the first place. Almost everyone who had either cash or credit to their name in the United States had been gambling on the Stock Exchange. As prices of stocks and shares rose higher and higher during the early part of 1929 they all felt richer and richer. But they were victims of a numerical illusion dependent on the plus signs in the daily market report: the extra cash was never in their pockets. The moment the plus signs turned to minus they lost their nerve and tried to realise their profits, only to find them gone. Their dreams of avarice had vanished with a weird roar.

The preceding insensate boom must be held responsible for the slump. But what started the boom and kept it going to such a dangerous pitch? In some fascinating chapters Professor Galbraith describes the extraordinary fraternity of bankers, business men and politicians who combined to encourage the foolish speculators. In the Jazz Age American big business was riddled with swindlers and crooks, whose sole object was to fleece the public, but even the honest were hell-bent on getting rich quick. The bankers were always ready to extend credit to their customers to buy stocks on margin; and the politicians never stopped telling the electorate that the boom was the most natural and glorious thing in the world. 1929 is a long time ago, and the scar tissue of capitalism has had plenty of time to heal; but two well-known names crop up in the deplorable chain of events leading up to the catastrophe. Professor Galbraith allots some measure of responsibility to Sir Winston Churchill, whose economic consequences as Chancellor of the Exchequer were not limited to Great Britain and the General Strike. In 1927 he despatched Montagu Norman to induce the Federal Reserve Banks to lower their rediscount rate and adopt a fatal policy of easy money, in order to help England out of her financial difficulties. In July and August of 1929 John Foster Dulles helped to float two "remarkable" investment trusts—remarkable because their over-valued shares were soon destined to fall to a sixtieth of the price at which the public first bought them.

This book was written in 1954, when the New York stock market was rising sharply and it was a ticklish question for Professor Galbraith to forecast the future. Was 1955 to repeat the experience of 1929? He lists the pros and cons with admirable detachment and comes to the conclusion, without wishing to be a Cassandra, that there is no reason why it should not. Since the crash and the depression Wall Street, as well as the national economy, has been buttressed with built-in stabilisers: the permanent Stock Exchange Commission, the fixing of margins at 100 per cent. if necessary, and the Federal insurance of bank

deposits. Yet, whatever history may do, human nature makes a habit of repetition. Since President Eisenhower's illness a familiar pattern seems to be shaping off Broad Street. There have been no weird roars as yet, but Blue Monday has followed Blue Monday with ominous persistence. The business men, the newspapers and the politicians are busy with what Professor Galbraith calls "their incantations." Can they exorcise the ghost of Black Thursday? I should be surprised if Professor Galbraith thinks that they can.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

A Slice of the Past

Story of a Year: 1848. By RAYMOND POSTGATE. *Cape.* 21*s.*

James Joyce told the story of one day in Dublin in 1904. Mr. Postgate does much the same for a single year, though fortunately in shorter compass and with the crisp clear style of a classical scholar. He, too, operates the stream of consciousness, in this case the consciousness of an intelligent newspaper-reader, in fact of Mr. Postgate himself. His framework is strictly chronological. Month follows month; and events are put in simply because they happened. Or so it is made to appear. In reality the events are put in because they interest Mr. Postgate; and the resultant picture is far from what would have struck the most intelligent contemporary. It is none the worse for that. Mr. Postgate's interests are much nearer our own; and every item has its special fascination. Murders, scandals, the expedition of Sir John Franklin, and paintings at the Royal Academy, offer their several delights. All the same, 1848 was the wrong year to choose. What was needed was an average year; and 1848 was far from average. Indeed, it was the most dramatic year of the century, the year of the great revolutions. However hard we try to play according to Mr. Postgate's rules, we grow impatient at the amusing anecdotes and pine for the moment when he returns to the Chartists, to the barricades in Paris, or to Manin's republic in Venice.

Mr. Postgate has been circling round the revolutions of 1848 for many years; and those who have long admired his anthology of revolutionary documents will find their memories stirred. The one addition here describes the decline of the Chartist movement, showing how the famous meeting on Kennington Common was followed by plans for a military rising, even more futile, even more obscure, until the last Chartists shuffled out of history. This is the only point in the book which contributes something new to our historical understanding. With the European movements Mr. Postgate has been content to draw on his fading recollections; and his version has now become more colourful and dramatic, but also less significant. Newer interests push this central theme to the side. The student of gastronomy will not be surprised to find Alexis Soyer dominating the final tableau. Augustus Egg and Bishop Philpotts get almost as much attention. This is, as it claims to be, a book of admirable entertainment. But it is pitching the note rather high to assert, as the dust-cover does, that it is "a work of serious scholarship" or that it can stand comparison with Macaulay.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

Among recent new editions are Laurence Irving's huge biography of *Henry Irving* (Faber, 21*s.*); Arthur Bryant's *King Charles II* (Collins, 16*s.*); *Cecil Sharp*, by A. H. Fox Strangways and Maud Karpeles (Oxford, 25*s.*); R. W. Chapman's selection of *Jane Austen Letters* in the World's Classics (Oxford, 5*s.*); and the following Everyman volumes from Dent: Rousseau's *Social Contract and Discourses* (translated and introduced by G. D. H. Cole, 6*s.*); Swift's *Journal to Stella*, Matthew Arnold's *Poems* and Eddington's *Nature of the Physical World* (7*s.* each).

New Novels

The Doves of Venus. By OLIVIA MANNING. *Heinemann.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

My Bones and My Flute. By EDGAR MITTELHOLZER. *Secker & Warburg.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Up and Coming. By CHRISTOPHER DILKE. *Robert Hale.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Miss Olivia Manning is without peer in her ability to describe life as seen and felt by children. One thinks of the children in her short stories *Growing Up*, and at once and overwhelmingly of Felix in *School for Love*. Felix is at the perfect age, about fifteen, a man-boy, drifting lightly, freely, but unpredictably from knowledge to innocence and back, in his educated diffidence a touching and completed creation.

Now, in *The Doves of Venus*, Miss Manning turns her sympathetic eye on Ellie, born of working-folk, just up from Eastsea to make her fortune in London as an artist. She wants independence, and doesn't wish to erect barricades about herself, to be for ever "scalding marauders in the boiling oil of sour grapes" as Zelda Fitzgerald put it, or was it Scott? She loses her virginity to Quintin whom she loves. His wife, fighting back age as ferociously as Ellie is plunging into it, snares a succession of men by pretended suicides. Her hunt to find any man is harmonised with Ellie's search and desire for Quinton who has now fled the country.

Yet, despite a gazelle insouciance and a hoydenish effervescence, Ellie's candour of innocence as she plunges and rears from pinnacle to slough to crag never quite rings true. Or rather, again and again, and, reluctantly it must be added, more and more frequently, that flat dead note sounds, failing to rouse an echo, signifying counterfeit. Ellie's swings-back to childhood—for essentially she is still growing up—are partly the fault. It is an unreal, a pictorial childhood. Its innocence, far from being that of a child's, is pre-Adam, preconscience, before original sin. And original sin is a birthright giving children an intuitive understanding of facts in actuality beyond their ken.

This Miss Manning has long since been acutely and fruitfully aware of. Its knowledge has reared the double vision, the sharp observation and the hazy masking surround that produces not only her strength with narrative and character, but also mystery and sufficient ambivalence of purpose to induce an atmosphere of the tension and excitements of a freewill outside the author's dominance of the story. Ellie as a person is a little trite for this aim, the outcome of her experience is too fortunate, glossy-paperish and, to be blunt, too cheap. Did the author choose her character wisely enough? Is not Ellie insufficiently educated or, anyway, travelled in life for her purpose? This author's delightful talents do not thrive on such raw material. A certain leisureliness, at least a middle-class upbringing, or sharp natural gifts, are necessary for her humour, wryly delicious and dancing everywhere like the sparkle on a sun-brushed sea, to encourage the company mockingly on. Old Tom Claypole, even the youthful impoverished but not uneducated niece Nancy, are characters to draw out Miss Manning's cool friendly raillery.

But if I believe, as I regretfully do for I admire and gain immense pleasure from Miss Manning's work, that Ellie is unsatisfactory, the novel remains impressive as a picture of London scenes. It is a fascinating display of skill allied to talent. Miss Manning always works a full canvas, and *The Doves of Venus* is more ambitious than ever. The characters proliferate; the scenes crowd; the shifting backgrounds of home, factory and pub life alter her characters' attitudes. Miss Manning, fresh, sharply perceptive, emphasising acutely here with a tinge of irony, there with a hint—no more, for it is sufficient—of haunting mockery, engages the reader's attention instantly in a most uncanny but wholly delicious manner.

Yet with Ellie still in mind the question remains that of Denton Welch's naval commander. "But who do you *want* to read it? There is such greatness of perception and feeling in so much of it, it would be a disaster if it went the wrong way." Who, Miss Manning?

My Bones and My Flute is sub-titled "A Ghost Story in the Old-fashioned Manner." That is exactly what it is, and a rattling good specimen at that. Except that the story involves a trip up river in British Guiana of a prosaic family little can be said of the plot without divulging too much.

Mr. Mittelholzer's British Guiana has several immediate advantages for a ghost story. There was much dark and hideous violence there in the past centuries. The seaboard towns are solidly modern, furnished in a satisfying middle-class fashion, yet within fifty miles the jungle glooms impenetrably. The people are civilised and western. The author has skilfully made use of these facts in bringing the supernatural into a soundly middle-class family. The economical, spare style he uses—for the story is ostensibly written by a plain young artist—fits the pace of the narrative admirably. The first seven or eight chapters end with the tautness and baffling question mark of a dazzlingly effective theatrical curtain. The jungle, the sucking river, the spiders and the baboon-barks impose their own organic fear. If after that one's hair doesn't stand on end with a *frisson* it is because the last unaffected person of the group has succumbed to the supernatural. Contact with reality has now gone, no yardstick of sanity remains. The end does disappoint a trifle, depending on whether you like ghostly mysteries satisfactorily laid or not.

Next, a novel on the secrets of the financial racket, the lives of the far from idle rich, the international group but not the international set. It's Shangri-la, the lotus land of the take-over bid—offices, girls, land and wives. The narrative possesses speed and verve. The narrator has at first the appearance of a stenographer at a board meeting. But by the end it is he and not the principal financier who is doing the business. Then, after all, that is how heads of corporations

Consolation in Books

—and there is a first-class show of books all the year round at

W. H. SMITH & SON'S BOOKSHOPS

do rise to power. The chief financier goes soft over a girl he nabs from the narrator, and in no time is neglecting Consols for Capri. We last see him wondering about a share investigation.

Around these two Mr. Dilke ranges an odd assortment of people; it is an entertaining if somewhat superficial book.

MICHAEL CRAMPTON

Shorter Reviews

Trumpets from Montparnasse. By ROBERT GIBBINGS. *Dent.* 21*s.*

To travel sentimentally is good, but to know where to stop is better; and Mr. Gibbings is always saved from stickiness by the rough Irish texture of his personality. He is also very big in the chest, and sports a white beard. Credulous natives, he tells us, have on various occasions mistaken him for God, St. John and Hercules, not realising that in addition to physical splendour he possesses a delicate skill in wood-engraving and a natural talent for non-stop autobiography. In this book, furthermore, he blossoms out as a Cézannesque still-lifer, with eight colour-plates of globe artichokes, fishing-smacks and multicoloured female buttocks, which are attractive without being novel. Novelty, however, is not a card which one would expect Mr. Gibbings to play at this stage of his career. The course which he pursues—the Ile Saint-Louis, Positano and Venice, with a passing reference to Tahiti—is familiar, but the charm is as compelling as ever, and the eye for curious detail as sharp. Who else would have noticed the description of Jan Steen's "Bad Company" in the English catalogue of the Louvre—"The goung green horse who has ventured into a haunt of vice is being rabbed while in a drunken sleep"?

When it comes to writing travel-books Mr. Gibbings, with eleven titles behind him, is anything but a goung green horse, and his special quality is perhaps his imperturbability. Unlike the rest of us, he is never put out by accidents. Even when he is locked in the loo at the Concert Mayol at two o'clock in the morning, he emerges laughing like Jove.

ISLANDS IN DANGER

by

Alan & Mary Wood

This is the first full account of the Occupation of the Channel Islands during the Second World War. It describes the reactions of both the Occupiers and Islanders to the unique situation and gives a close-up of the German military machine at work on British territory. *Illustrated.* 15/-.

HOW TO BE A BETTER PARENT

Sylvia & Peter Duncan

A friendly, amusing book on child care and training, based on the authors' personal experiences. *Illustrated.* 9/6.

From all Booksellers

EVANS

A Short History of the Future. By R. C. CHURCHILL. *Werner Laurie.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Churchill has had the idea of forming a continuous history out of works by a score of notable contemporary prophets including Orwell, Huxley, Waugh, Russell and Bradbury. His account runs from the present day to A.D. 6601, and reveals a surprising degree of harmony between his various sources. As an idea, this is a canteloup. It gives room for the most fascinating observations. There is, for instance, the remarkable increase in the *pace* of history after the year 1957. There is the fact that "in nearly all histories of the future . . . the division of mankind into often rigidly defined social classes is insisted on." There are many distressing parallels between Future and Past History which the hardened past-historian will ruefully recognise; not least the way in which both change from epoch to epoch—for, as Mr. Churchill justly says, "the practice of doublethink, and of the continuous alteration of the past, was not the invention of governments of 1948 in Moscow and 1984 in London. . . . Such practices are of universal application. History would be the poorer for their absence."

Best of all, perhaps, the book breaks that curious spell by which each frightful prophecy, as one reads it, appears to cover the *whole* future. Just why the Spirit of our Age should think it right to terrify itself into fits with threats of the most diverse and contradictory evils is a most interesting question. Unfortunately Mr. Churchill, though he starts his inquiry splendidly, is prevented from carrying it far by his preoccupation with his first Big Joke. Most of his book is wasted in a rather facetious parody of a history textbook. This is such a startling waste of the really brilliant ideas thrown out in his first chapter that one can only suppose he suffers from a Samuel Butlerish inhibition forbidding him to speak for long without the Comic Mask. May he snap out of it. Meanwhile, do not miss his first chapter.

Adventure Road. By E. ALEXANDER POWELL. *Cape.* 21*s.*

Those whose constant plaint it is that the world no longer offers scope to the adventurous will envy Mr. E. Alexander Powell. He has been everywhere and done everything. No country seems barred to him; he has visited 120, and travelled more than a million miles: he has seen Russia under both the Tsars and the Communists, and each time she has displayed a temperament which in retrospect and in the telling makes good reading. He has watched hangings and other punishments carried out with ingenious cruelty; in Bokhara as a favour he was shown the Emir's favourite concubines. He was startled when the beautiful flaxen-haired creatures turned towards him, to be seen as comely boys in their middle teens. "These are the Emir's favourite dancing boys," he was told. Offered a choice of cars, carriages, saddle-horses and elephants as transport, he chose elephants: he designed a cow-puncher's dress (it need not be said, surely, that the author is an American) for the King of Siam; he watched, with Miss Tennyson Jesse, Belgian Cavalry against machine-guns in the first war. Careful traveller that he is, he is never without that invaluable letter of introduction from a prince of splendour. Mr. Powell's book is not a solid biographical entity, but a series of flashing recollections skimming, kingfisher-fashion from the memory, the iridescent happening of times, places and people that, it seems now, were too rich to last. It is thoroughly good value.

On the Track of Prehistoric Man. By HERBERT KÜHN. *Hutchinson.* 21*s.*

Dr. Herbert Kühn here takes us round on a conducted tour of French and Spanish rock- and cave-paintings. It is very much his tour: we are asked to see through his eyes, and this is as it should be. He has had the good sense to describe not only the paintings but the caves themselves, and the countryside where the caves are to be found. Half the mystery of the paintings lies in the fact that they are painted and engraved on rock, in caves, and that they are meant as magic and not as decoration. They are like the ear of corn held up to the mystes at Eleusis, properly experienced only when one has undergone the blind marches by which Paleolithic man approached them. Dr. Kühn provides line drawings and photographs of the paintings—the photographs cheat less than the drawings, which leave out the natural trivialities of surface, trivialities which help to give the paintings their curious power—and supplements them with accounts of his own feelings, such as what it is like to crawl through the coffin-like hole at Tuc d'Audoubert, a cave seen by only fourteen people. As he crawls, he chats; and as he walks round the galleries peering at paintings he converses with his guides, often the discoverers or excavators of the caves. Here he is a good deal more clumsy: each conversation is merely an opportunity for Dr. Kühn to deliver himself of little lectures crammed full of paleontological data; and sometimes, alas, for the chance of out-talking a Catholic priest or being heavy-handed with some dim-witted peasant.

Documents on British Foreign Policy 1919-1939: Third Series, Vol. IX 1939. Ed. E. L. WOODWARD and ROHAN BUTLER. *H.M.S.O.* 50*s.*

With this volume the publication of the Foreign Office records for the period immediately before the outbreak of the Second World War is complete. For anything else we must wait until 1989; and what is revealed then will be as startling as the contents of Joanna Southcott's box. The present volume is a tidying-up operation. It deals with the Far East from April to September, 1939, and in particular with the Anglo-Japanese dispute over Tientsin. This is a sorry tale, though nothing else could be expected in the circumstances of the time. There was little point in appeasing Japan, but also no way of resisting her. British policy tried to combine pride and surrender—not a practicable aim, even when conducted with an air of incurable smugness. No one is likely to read this volume, but it had to be published; and now the black expensive set can rest undisturbed on the library shelves, admired from afar by the occasional student.

City Lights

Facing up to Jeeves

THE City is waiting quietly for Mr. Butler's speech. Until Thursday, the course of affairs on the Stock Exchange was suggesting, in a subdued sort of way, that it was waiting rather more cheerfully than before. Equity markets were attracting the expected crop of bargain-hunters and satisfied bears; and although dealings remained thin, the general atmosphere was definitely more hopeful. The announcement of an autumn Budget came like an unexpected shower of cold water. The usual mechanism—jobbers marking down prices, bears selling short—came into operation at once. The result is that markets, which would in any case have been uncertain until next week, are now waiting very much more nervously than before.

It is worth recording, even in this atmosphere, that sentiment was originally helped to some extent by good reports from several of those companies whose financial position reflects the basic strength of British industry: Wall Paper Manufacturers, Thos. Ward (the ship breakers and general engineers), and Standard Motors. The last company has more than doubled its net profit figure (which suggests that the motor industry can afford some increased pressure on profit margins), but has kept its dividend unchanged at 12 per cent.—a distribution little more than one-fifth of net profits earned for the equity. Standard, in view of the growing competition in the motor industry, is hardly a typical company. But the monthly analysis of company reports published last week by the *Financial Times* showed that in the first nine months of 1955, while equity earnings had risen by 29 per cent., Ordinary dividends had risen by only 22 per cent. Companies, that is, are now retaining a somewhat larger proportion of their increased profits, and

Ordinary dividends are now, on average, 2¼ times covered by earnings.

The flow of new issues and placings is continuing to exercise its restraining effect on prices. The announcement of a rights issue will still depress prices (and permit stock to be picked up cheaply), but most Ordinary rights issues are still easily covered by subscriptions; the casualties, all too often, have been the fixed-interest issues. The improvement in gilt-edged prices, however, has had its effect on the market for other fixed-interest stocks; and this week J. Bibby (the oil and cake merchants) have announced that they intend to raise £1¼m. through a 6 per cent. Preference issue, while Williams & Williams (the metal window manufacturers) are placing £¾m. of a 5½ per cent. debenture. The advantages of a high-coupon preference stock—except that it can be cheaper than an Ordinary rights issue in uncertain markets—are somewhat dubious; the obvious advantage to a company of a debenture or loan stock is that interest on it, far from attracting profits tax, is counted as a charge for income and profits tax.

By the week-end we shall know what proportion of holders of the maturing Serial Funding issue were willing to convert into the new stock; but the cash part of the offer was as great a success as could have been expected, with the 4 per cent. Conversion stock opening at a slight premium and maintaining it. A good deal of it (one can never tell how much at all precisely) has been taken up by different Government departments, but they will almost certainly be able to resell to the banks over the weeks to come as liquidity ratios become comfortably relaxed.

Whatever fears may have been reawakened by news of an emergency Budget, it is now generally hoped that the probable failure of the banks to achieve their self-appointed aim of a 10 per cent. cut in overdrafts (excluding repayments by the public utilities) by the year-end will not be taken amiss, provided that the level of advances is not again allowed to increase unreasonably. This, of course, does not imply that pressure on the capital market is likely to disappear; it does suggest that it may not reach catastrophic proportions.

* * *

One price in particular which has continued to climb steadily since last autumn is the cost of shipping. Tramp freight rates are now almost 20 per cent. higher than at the beginning of the year, more than 50 per cent. higher than a year ago, and are rapidly approaching the peak level reached in the Korean boom of 1951. The sharp rise in September was admittedly due largely to seasonal shipments of grain and sugar.

The abnormally heavy grain shipments which have helped the rise along from last autumn onwards will be largely obviated by the good harvests gathered in Europe this summer. But transatlantic coal shipments—which have been the dominant factor since Britain began to import coal on a large scale—are as heavy as ever, and are likely to continue heavy (whatever the future of U.K. exports), while the European industrial boom continues. The reflected effect of this rise has now spread to shipping charges the world over; time-charter rates are now recognising the rise for a long time ahead; and even high-cost U.S. shipping can show a profit at the present level of rates.

This movement has two immediate effects. One is on the balance of payments; a continued rise in tramp freight rates is likely to carry on the adverse effect noticeable in the accounts for the first half of this year. U.K. earnings from shipping are mostly for liner freight, her outgoings are mostly for tramp freight, and tramp rates have risen much more steeply. The second effect is on the prosperity of U.K. shipbuilders. The freight-rate rise has brought in new orders for vessels, though delivery rates are now so long in most countries that the main impact is on the second-hand market, where vessels normally fit only for scrap are passing hands at very high prices.

TAURUS

Week-end Competition

No. 1,339

Set by G. de Vavasour

A prominent *bon vivant* has revealed that in his youth he was required, as an exercise in copperplate orthography, to write out fifty times: *Caviare is sturgeon's roe prepared.* Competitors are invited to submit similarly formative maxims from the youthful copybooks of the following: Masters B. Britten, C. Connolly, G. Fisher (now Archbishop of Canterbury), J. Gielgud, V. Gollancz, G. Greene, J. Priestley, E. Waugh, and Misses M. Crawford and N. Mitford. At least three to be attempted: one maxim for each. Entries by November 1.

Result of No. 1,336

Set by Buzfuz

Grace Archer had to die, to allow the serial to develop, said a B.B.C. spokesman this week: but it was "in their spite they plotted her death," alleges a *News Chronicle* reader. "Our sorrow," she adds, "lies in our secret hearts." Readers are invited, for the usual prizes, to compose *either* a fellow-mourner's denunciation, *or* a script-writer's defence, of this murderous act. In verse: limit 12 lines.

Report

There has been nothing like it since Dickens bumped off Little Nell! I don't know whether anyone then complained that he had sounded the knell of their hopes: certainly no possible play with our heroine's name went unexploited. Most of the punnings are best passed over in silence: we may just retrieve Tracy Stoker's

Yeomen and Bowmen of England are banding;
Governments sway to the tramp of the marchers,
Fired with a cold, righteous anger, demanding
Your heads, who made Graceless the state of the Archers.

Denunciation rang the changes from Vera Telfer's:

They told me, dear Grace Archer, they told me you were dead,
They made me mute my radio and buy TV instead.
I wept as I remembered, how each six-forty-five
Had been my nightly pleasure when you were still alive—

to suggestions of alternative sacrifices:

What about Gabriel, Old Laryngitis,
Could not the trumpets have sounded for him?
Could he not die from acute tonsillitis?
Gladly we'd bellow his funeral hymn.

(J. P. Mullarky)

Give us our own Grace Archer back! You can drown the rest of the clan,
Phyllis and Peggy, Chris and Jack, and especially Doris and Dan.
Why must you pick on the folk we love? Hades yawns for a Huggett,
If you had ordered a grave for a Grove, we would have gladly dug it.

(Leonard Cooper)

Defence ranged from base self-interest—

Gracie's death was not in vain
She died (we beg you, please forgive!)
That Geoffrey Webb and me might live!

(Ronald Hart, speaking for Edward Mason), and psychological resistance—

The trivial round at Ambridge used to send me up the wall,
I couldn't stand the awful, wholesome happiness of it all—
The pigs, the crops, show jumping, perhaps a county fair—
I brought a whiff of charnel-house to all that bracing air!

(Austin Baker)

to blustering threats—

We'll make the listeners wail
When we kill off Mrs. Dale!

(Oliver Pritchett)

Some day... tomorrow maybe

— the man from the Prudential will call at your home. Perhaps he has an appointment, perhaps not. A friendly chat with him in the familiar surroundings of your own home may make all the difference to the happiness and welfare of yourself and those dear to you. For advice on all problems that insurance can solve

Ask the man from **the Prudential**

And more than one entry darkly recalled the public clamour that forced Conan Doyle to resurrect Holmes.

Two guineas each to Joan Roberts, Little Billee and Edward Blishen. Runners up: Toxophilus, Alice James, Leonard Cooper, Austin Baker, G. J. Blundell.

A Farmyard Tragedy

Julia Moore, the Sweet Singer of Michigan, laments the passing of Grace Archer

Ah, have you heard of sweet Grace Archer? of her
sad story I shall now relate.
The cruel B.B.C. it was that sent her to her dreadful
fate.
Because she went to save a fellow-creature from the
fire alive
This sweet girl was plotted to destruction in September
nineteen-fifty-five.

Grace Archer's character was English, a farmer's
wife was her station,
When the tide of fate plunged her 'neath that awful
blaze; it shocked the whole nation.
"Ah, why did you kill Grace Archer?" came the
people's mournful cry.
But the souls of such men are harder-hearted than
stone, and so they did not reply.*

Perhaps the B.B.C. is sorry now and perhaps it is not,
But in the hearts of all her listeners sweet Grace
Archer will never be forgot.
The little children at play in the street are lisping her
name,
And up on Heaven's golden doorstep the angels are
repeating the same.

Joan Roberts

* *They did, of course, but not satisfactorily*

O what avails the actress' voice!
O what the well-turned line!
What every technical device!
Grace Archer, all were thine.

Grace Archer, whom this faithful swain
Could hear, but never see,
A weekly hour of loss and pain
I consecrate to thee—
That hour which put the curse of Cain
Upon the B.B.C.

Little Billee

It really is hard that you smile when the Bard
Demolishes half of his cast,
But can't see the fun if we show you just one
Refinedly breathing her last.
Good Lord! can't you guess how we have to repress
The Shakespearean half of our talents!
How we long that we might display Mrs. A. tight,
And her virtue itself in the balance!

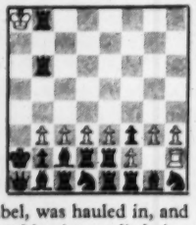
Rapine, lust and despair we would bring to the air!
MacArcher would rival Macbeth! . . .
So be grateful that Grace had no worse thing to face
Than a highly respectable death!

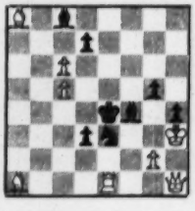
Edward Blishen

The Chess Board

No. 316 The Gestapo was Worried

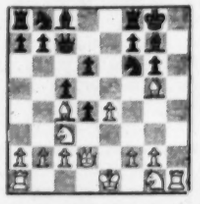
Most readers—probably all who do not happen to be addicts of "Fairy Chess"—may well be puzzled by this diagram; but they can hardly be as worried as some senior Gestapo officials were about the same diagram when they saw it on a confiscated postcard in the spring of 1940. It was addressed to Bucharest and bore the cryptic message "*Wieviel Züge?*" That may mean "how many moves?" but again it may mean "how many trains?" and refer to troop movements. The postcard's sender, Dr. Karl Fabel, was hauled in, and his assertion of being a chess problemist cut little ice. Wasn't it quite obvious, sneered the Gestapo man, that White was mate next move? What was the meaning of all those rooks and bishops? Surely the whole thing was most fishy! I am glad that Fabel survived the ordeal to tell the tale (and many others) in *Rund um das Schachbrett* (*de Gruyter & Co.*, Berlin 1955, D.M. 8.60). As for the position on that fatal diagram—since it takes a minimum of 183 moves to reach it—it was (and still is) a world record in retro-analysis. But Fabel's new book contains a good many less ghastly problems as well as many amusing stories and anecdotes and a fascinating account of the dozens of more or less crazy patents registered in connection with Chess, chessboards, chessmen and so on. In one of his stories the author courteously claims to have been inspired by some trifle I dug out many years ago, but his own version is rather more elaborate and cunning. Here is the position in which White played P-B7 ch, Black countered P-Q4 ch, and when this was covered by the White KtP he took it e.p. and shouted "Mate!" "Nonsense," said White; "when I played P-Kt4 you were mated yourself." "Oh no, I wasn't," insisted Black. "Your KtP never got as far as g4, it was taken e.p. on g3; hence, your K remained exposed to my deadly B, and you were already dead yourself when you were imagining to kill me." "Very well," said White, "if such reasoning were to be accepted I could have taken your QP e.p., it would have never reached d5 and you would have been mate when you thought to be mating me." "Oh no, I wouldn't," triumphed Black. "I could have played K-B4." "So you could," said White, "but then you would have blocked that deadly B-diagonal and I wouldn't have been mate either." The two logicians left it at that and had another game.



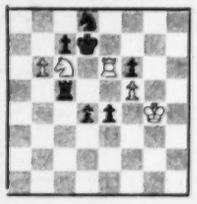


The 4-pointer for beginners is a game-position in which White played B x Kt. Black countered P x Kt, but had to resign in a move or two. Why? **B** and **C** (for 6 and 7 ladder-points) are both wins, and the latter is quite a beauty for which we are indebted to H. F. Blandford.

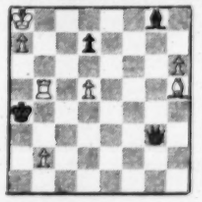
A: K. Pahl 1955



B: D. F. Petrov



C: A. P. Kazantsiev 1953



Usual prizes. Entries by October 31.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 313. Set October 1

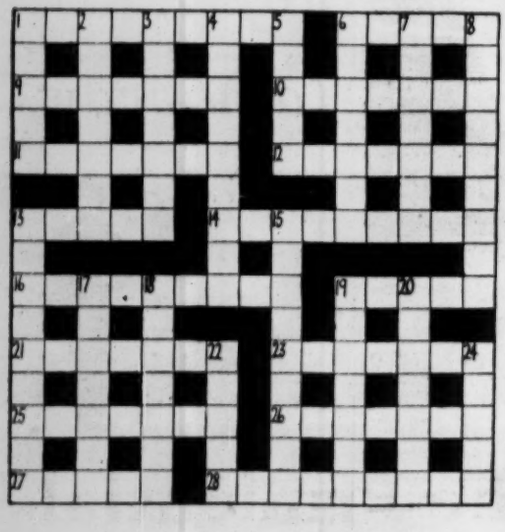
A: (1) . . . R x P ch, (2) Q x R, Kt-B4 ch, etc.
B: (1) P-Q7, R-Q7, (2) P-R7, B-B6, (3) R-R5 ch, K any, (4) R-Q5, etc.
C: (1) P-B3!, B x P, (2) R-Q2, R-B8 ch!, (3) K-Kt2, R-B3, (4) R-Q6!, followed by R-QB6 ch, etc.

Many competitors dropped a point or two by failing to see all the subtleties of **C**. Prizes shared by E. Allan, C. Allen, R. C. Chaturvedi, F. R. Oliver, A. J. Roycroft. Equally flawless: K. Beaumont, D. E. Cohen, G. S. Fisher, J. R. Harman, M. Kaye, C. Sandberg.

Assiac

Week-end Crossword No. 175

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 175, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Nov. 1.



ACROSS

1. Drinks for sailors in the south (9).
6. "And doom'd to death though —— not to die" (Dryden) (5).
9. Bare success for a politician (7).
10. Several workers are the occupants (7).
11. The dramatist to spoil the vulgar English (7).
12. A lover, though a wife at first (7).
13. Something in the air or nothing in front of the belt (5).
14. Bods lying about a legendary person (9).
16. First Sea Lord about to steal from a navigator (9).
19. "The ——, blind And fleeting generations of mankind" (Shelley) (5).
21. Man with a broken plate and something left in the glass (7).
23. School where there is a backward boy among busy ones (7).
25. Sword not in the gallery (7).
26. Prospect for an oaf with nothing all right in him (7).
27. An adopted child in deep piety (5).
28. The slip to drop an opening batsman (9).

DOWN

1. Book for the beginning of the white (5).
2. Learns nothing changes in this city (7).
3. The colonel put me under a fresh company (7).
4. Composer whose finale puts the mind in a turmoil (9).
5. Looking up branches of learning containing a universal piece of literature (5).
6. The enthusiast to follow a pigeon (7).
7. Vessels which hold liquids (7).
8. Ruined as a second besieged city indeed (9).
13. Possibility of being caught at cover? (9).
15. Soldier with a licentious enclosure for an Italian (9).
17. Those one loves come up to one for a dance (7).
18. Make the tide run differently and come in unexpectedly (7).
19. The communist votes like cattle (7).
20. The actress makes up to cut her hair (7).
22. Sheets for boys (5).
24. Material suitable for conversion into a saint (5).

Set-square

Solution to No. 173

P	A	S	S	A	G	E	S	S	P
L	E	U		A	H	O	O	H	
A	S	P	I	C		C	L	O	C
Y	T	T		H	N	E	S	S	L
E	Y	E	L	I	D		B	E	T
R	M	O		B	Y	S		I	
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L	E	S		G	O	I	T		G
A	I	R	S		B	A	D	M	I
N		E	T		B	T	N		L
D	O	M	I	N	O	E	S		C
S	A	T		L		G	M		S
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E		B	E		E		C	I	N
R	E	A	D	E	R		T	H	R

Prizewinners to No. 173

Dr. J. M. Simister (*Orpington*)
Mrs. E. P. Kenyon (*Wilmslow*)
T. Ellis (*Thornton Heath*)

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

AUSTRALIA—University of New England Armidale, New South Wales. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in English. The lecturer appointed will be required principally to conduct courses for external (correspondence) students for the B.A. degree. He will also be required to undertake lecturing and tutorial work for internal students, and he will be encouraged to engage in research. Commencing salary will be within the range £A1,200–£A1,750 per annum according to qualifications, with annual increments of £A80. The salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The successful applicant will be expected to take up duties as soon as can be arranged after the date of appointment. Finance is available for home purchase under the Staff Housing Scheme. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is November 21, 1955.

B.B.C. requires Music Assistant in Edinburgh. Duties include arrangement and supervision of music broadcasts of widely different types, popular and classical, and general assistance including auditions. No conducting. Professional music qualifications essential, wide knowledge of music particularly Traditional and Contemporary Scottish an advantage. Salary £975 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by 5 annual increments to £1,280 p.a. maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "1309 N. Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 5 days.

MINISTRY of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food: Assistant Agricultural Economists. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for a pensionable post in London. Age at least 21 and under 28 on October 1, 1955, with extension for regular Forces service. Candidates must have a first or second class honours degree in agriculture, economics, or related subject. If no honours course a pass degree with equivalent standard will be considered. Inclusive London salary (for 45½ hour week) £554 to £999 (women to £901, but being improved under equal pay scheme). Starting pay above minimum in certain cases. Particulars and application forms from Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 4507/55. Application forms to be returned by October 27, 1955.

EXPERIMENTAL Officers and Assistant Experimental Officers in various Government Departments. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for pensionable posts. Applications may be accepted up to December 31, 1955, but forms should be returned as soon as possible as an earlier closing date may be announced either for the competition as a whole or in one or more subjects. There are at present no vacancies for meteorologists. Interview Boards will sit at frequent intervals. The posts are divided between following main groups and subjects. (a) Mathematical and Physical Sciences, (b) Chemistry and Metallurgy, (c) Biological Sciences, (d) Engineering subjects and (e) Miscellaneous (including e.g. Geology, Library and Technical Information Services). Age limits: For Experimental Officers, at least 26 and under 31 on December 31, 1955; for Assistant Experimental Officers at least 18 and under 28 on December 31, 1955. Extension for regular service in H.M. Forces. Candidates aged 31 or over with specialised experience for Experimental Officer posts may be admitted. Candidates must have at least one of a number of specified qualifications. Examples are Higher School Certificate, General Certificate of Education, Scottish Leaving Certificate, Scottish Universities Preliminary Examination, Northern Ireland Senior Certificate (all in appropriate subjects and at appropriate levels), Higher National Certificate, University degree. Candidates taking their examinations in 1955 may be admitted. Candidates without such qualifications may be admitted exceptionally on evidence of suitable experience. In general a higher standard of qualification will be looked for in the older candidates than in the younger ones. Salary (London): Experimental Officer £790–£960 (men); £693–£848 (women). Assistant Experimental Officer £320 (at age 18) to £700 (men), £614 (women). Starting pay up to £575 (men) or £537 (women) at 26. Somewhat lower outside London. Promotion prospects. Women's scales subject to improvement under equal pay scheme. Further particulars from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, 30 Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. S94-95/55.

COPYWRITER. Applications are invited for the position of copywriter in the advertising department of leading photographic firm near London. Experience is not essential, but evidence of writing ability must be sent with application. Age not above 30. Non-contributory pension scheme. Apply Box 561.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

NATIONAL Library of Scotland. Assistant Keeper. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for a pensionable post of Assistant Keeper (Second Class) in the Department of Printed Books. Age at least 22 and under 26 on October 1, 1955, with extension for regular service in H.M. Forces and up to two years for other Forces service or for established civil service. For exceptionally well qualified candidates the upper age limit may be extended. Candidates must have a University degree with at least Second Class Honours. While a degree in Classics, Modern Languages, English or History is thought to be the most suitable for the post candidates who have followed successfully other Honours courses will also be considered. Inclusive salary £501 to £725 (£635 women). Starting pay may be increased for approved post-graduate experience and in certain cases for service with H.M. Forces. Promotion may normally be expected within seven years to Assistant Keeper (First Class), with inclusive salary at present of £945 to £1,485 (men), £834 to £1,339 (women). Women's salaries being improved under equal pay scheme. Particulars and application forms from the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 4510/55; completed application forms must be returned by October 29, 1955.

LONDON County Council. Post of Special Responsibility—Deputy Headmaster, Kynaston County Secondary School for Boys, Finchley Road, N.W.8. A new secondary school for about 850 boys to be opened in September, 1956. Applications invited from qualified teachers for appointment as deputy headmaster to take up duty for preliminary planning at Easter, 1956. Burnham (London) scale salary with special allowance of £300 a year. The School is intended to work in close association on a voluntary basis with a neighbouring voluntary controlled grammar school. Courses will be provided for pupils up to and beyond statutory school leaving age, including some leading to the General Certificate of Education with special provision for courses in engineering. Applicants must have good qualifications, organising ability and varied teaching experience and should be interested in the whole field of secondary education. Application forms EO/TS10 (Kynaston Deputy) to be obtained from and returned to the Education Officer (EO/TS10), The County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1, by November 4. Candidates who have recently applied for similar posts and who have no particulars to add may apply on form TS/10B. (1698)

WORKERS' Educational Association, West Midland District. Applications are invited from graduates for the post of Organising Tutor in North Warwickshire. Salary £550-£800. Starting salary may be more than the minimum; the maximum is under review. Superannuation scheme. Full details and application forms (stamped addressed env.) from District Secretary, W.E.A. Office, 20 Easy Row, Birmingham, 1.

THE London School of Economics and Political Science (University of London). Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in the Mental Health Course to which an appointment may be made from January 1, 1956. Candidates should be qualified psychiatric social workers and preferably graduates. Salary scale £600 × £50—£700 per annum, with superannuation benefits and family allowances. In assessing the starting salary due consideration will be given to age and experience. Applications, with the names of three referees, should be received not later than October 28, 1955, by the Secretary, The London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, W.C.2, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

MIDDLESEX County Council. Education Committee. Acton Technical College, High Street, Acton, W.3. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in Production Engineering in the Department of Management and Production Engineering, to supervise and teach graduate and other courses in production engineering, advise on industrial training and join in technical and social research. A degree in science or engineering is essential, preferably in chemical or electrical engineering, and experience of control problems is desirable. Salary in accordance with the Burnham (Technical) Report, 1954. Application forms (stamped addressed foolscap envelope) from the Principal to whom completed forms should be returned within fourteen days of the appearance of this advertisement. C. E. Gurr, M.Sc., Ph.D., Secretary to the Education Committee.

MIDDLESEX County Council—Education Committee. Psychiatric Social Workers initially at (a) Willesden Child Guidance Centre, (b) Hayes & Harlington Child Guidance Centre—to be established shortly. Both posts: M.H. Cert. of L.S.E. or approved equivalent; salary as P.T.A. Circ. No. 17 (Cir. 33 under review); subject to medical assessment and prescribed conditions. Application forms (stmpd. add. env.) from: (a) Borough Education Officer, 163 Willesden Lane, N.W.6; (b) District Education Officer, Manor House, Church Rd., Hayes; ret. by Nov. 4 (Quote R.476, N.S.). Canvassing disqualifies.

PERSONNEL Department requires intelligent adaptable Assistant (preferably in early twenties) for interviewing, shorthand/typing and staff record work. Please write giving age, experience and present salary to Box N.S.N., 432, L.P.E., 55 St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C.2.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

FITZWILLIAM Museum, Cambridge.—Applications are invited for the post of Junior Assistant Keeper in the Department of Paintings and Drawings. Salary according to qualifications on the scale of £500 rising by annual increments of £25 to £700, with contributory pension under the Federated Superannuation Scheme for Universities, and family allowance. The duties will be mainly concerned with water-colours and drawings. Candidates, who should be between the ages of 22 and 30, must be acquainted with the methods of art history and have a working knowledge of French, German and Italian. Applications, in the candidate's own handwriting, stating age, qualifications, with the names of two referees, must reach the Director, from whom further information may be obtained, by November 7, 1955.

QUEEN Elizabeth Hospital for Children, Hackney Road, London, E.2. Psychiatric Social Worker required. Candidates, in addition to holding the certificate in Mental Health, should have had at least two years experience after qualifying, some of which should preferably have been in a Child Guidance Clinic. Salary, etc., in accordance with Whitley Council terms and conditions of service, viz. £495 × £15, £20 and £25—£750, plus London Weighting. Applications, with the names of two referees, should be sent to the Secretary of the Hospital.

CHILD Welfare Officers. London County Council requires qualified and experienced men and women for engagement as vacancies occur. Salary: £573 15s. rising to £742 10s. Duties include receiving into care, rehabilitation, boarding-out, adoption supervision, after-care and other field-work associated with deprived children. Details and application forms (s.a.e. (f'scap)) from Children's Officer (CH/A1), County Hall, London, S.E.1. Closing date November 19. (1593.)

BOROUGH of Swindon. Appointment of Neighbourhood Worker. Social Development Section. Applications are invited for the post of Neighbourhood Worker in the Social Development Section of the Town Clerk's Department. The salary will be in accordance with A.P.T. II of the National Scales (£560-£640). A Social Development Section has been set up to meet the social problems arising from the expansion of Swindon under the Town Development Act, 1952, and in particular to meet the need to integrate incoming population with the existing community. The successful applicant will be required to reside on a new estate and will be expected to establish contact with incoming tenants, assist in meeting problems of adjustment, encourage the development of social activities, etc. Applicants must have a recognised Social Science qualification, be not less than 30 years of age, and have had considerable experience in the field of social work. Applications, on forms obtainable from the Town Clerk, Civic Offices, Swindon, must be returned not later than November 5, 1955.

OAKWOOD Hospital, Maidstone, Kent. Applications are invited for the posts of Psychiatric Social Worker. Salary in accordance with Whitley Council Scale, at this Hospital from candidates in possession of the Mental Health Certificate, or at present completing their training. The duties of the posts will include work at Out-Patient Clinics. The establishment is three psychiatric social workers. There is a hospital car for the use of the department. Applics., with names of 2 persons to whom ref. may be made, should be addressed to Medical Superintendent.

MIDDLESEX County Council—Education Committee. Full-time trained and/or exper. Club Leader (male) reqd. at Feltham Youth Centre. Established club with varied programme, mixed membership about 200 in own premises. Salary: Misc. III (£450-£515 p.a. if 26 yrs. or over). Established. Prescribed conditions. Application forms (stmpd. add. env.) from Divisional Education Officer, Education Office, Kenilworth Rd., Ashford, Middx., returnable by November 4. (Quote R.480 N.S.) Canvassing disqualifies.

THE National Association for Mental Health, Parnham House, Beaminster, Dorset. Home for Elderly Mentally Infirm Ladies. The following staff will be required for the above Home which is to be opened in November, 1955. 1 Assistant Nurse for day duty and to relieve night staff. 1 Assistant Nurse for night duty. 5 Nursing Assistants for day duty. Qualifications: Experience and interest in modern methods of caring for the elderly. Salary: According to recognised scales. Superannuation scheme. The posts should appeal to those who, in addition to their interest in the work, will appreciate excellent living conditions in beautiful surroundings. Applications, with full details, together with the names of two referees, within 14 days of this advertisement, to The Secretary, Residential Services Department, 39 Queen Anne Street, London, W.1.

HERTFORDSHIRE and Essex High School, Bishop's Stortford. Required in January, resident graduate to teach part-time in Grammar School (any subject, though Latin, French or English preferred) and to undertake supervision duties in boarding house for 30 girls—Burnham Scale. Apply, with copies of testimonials, to the Headmistress.

TRAVELLING organiser required by the Pedestrian's Association for Road Safety. Salary £600. Proved ability and conviction for cause essential. Applications in writing to the Secretary, 44/45 Fleet Street, London, E.C.4, not later than October 31.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

WORKERS' Educational Association (Western District). Tutor Organiser required to develop W.E.A. work among trade unionists in Bristol. Applicants should hold a University degree with Economics as a main subject and should have a wide knowledge of the trade union movement. Present salary scale £550—£800 (the starting salary may be higher than the minimum and the maximum is under review). Applications to be sent within two weeks from the date of this advertisement to the District Secretary, W.E.A., 91 Redland Road, Bristol 6, from whom full partics. and applic. forms can be obtained.

MIDDLESEX County Council—Education Committee. Clerical Assistant (female) reqd. at the Child Guidance Centre, Tottenham. Established subject to medical assessment, probation and prescribed conditions. Salary: £295 at 21, £398 at 26, max. £420 p.a. at 28. Application forms (stmpd. add. env.) from Borough Education Officer, Education Offices, Philip Lane, Tottenham, N.15, returnable immediately. (Quote R.459, N.S.). Canvassing disqualifies.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE County Council. Children's Committee. Appointment of Children's Visiting Officer (male). Applications invited for appointment of Children's Visiting Officer (male) offering experience in all aspects of Child Care field work. Social Science Certificate and/or Certificate in Child Care and interest in preventive work desirable. Salary within the range £500 by £20 to £640 per annum (A.P.T. Grades I and II) according to qualifications and experience. Application forms and further particulars from Children's Officer, Shire Hall, Nottingham. A. R. Davis, Clerk of the County Council.

THE National Association for Mental Health. Duncroft Approved School for Senior Girls, Staines, Middlesex. Applications are invited for the following resident posts at Duncroft and at Edgeworth House. 1. Domestic Science Trained Instructress (between the ages of 25 and 40 years). 2. General Assistant Instructress (25-35 years). Application forms and further information may be obtained from The Headmistress, Duncroft, Moor Lane, Staines, Middlesex.

CO-OPERATIVE Education. The Education Committee of the Royal Arsenal Co-operative Society, Ltd., have decided to re-advertise the post of Adult Education Organiser to supervise and promote classes, lecture courses and other activities within the education committee's extensive plan for such work. Experience of educational work within the co-operative movement desirable. Salary £600 p.a., plus bonus. Superannuation Scheme. No living accommodation available. Details and application forms, to be returned by October 31, from the Education Secretary, 15 Park Vista, Greenwich, S.E.10.

WILTSHIRE County Council. Applications invited from suitably qualified women for the post of Child Care Officer, salary £500 to £580. Application forms with full details from Clerk of the Council, County Hall, Trowbridge, returnable by November 4, 1955.

ORGANISER, married woman, wanted for paid part-time social work for Voluntary Association in East Anglia; must be available some evenings, able to travel easily, occasionally staying away over-night; own car an advantage; some knowledge of committee work. Apply giving references, stating age, education, experience, to Family Planning Association, 64 Sloane Street, London, S.W.1.

LADY Welfare Worker, experienced, req. by Liverpool Jewish Board of Guardians. Interesting situation carrying good salary. Apply by letter to Sec., 5 Oxford St., Liverpool, 7, giving details quals. & exper.

LADY teachers for English required. Apply Berlitz School of Languages, Hamburg, Spitalerstr. 1, Germany.

VACANCY for enterprising young woman interested in international relations, prepared for really hard work and responsibility in expanding concern dealing with international hospitality. Excellent memory, a sense of humour and some knowledge of typing essential. Languages useful. Previous experience not essential. Write E.F.A., 20 Buckingham Street, W.C.2.

SUMMERHILL needs young fun. teacher, single/married. 1 child if necess. No testimonials. A. S. Neill, Leiston, Suffolk.

EDITORIAL assistant (under 32, either sex) for established business monthly. West End Office. Good prospects. Commerce/Econs. degree an adv. Details age, education, exp. and sal. level to Box 496.

THE Wardenship of "The Mount" Conference Centre at Haverhill, Suffolk, established by the Fellowship of Reconciliation, is becoming vacant. Applications are invited before November 9. Minimum salary £300 p.a., plus board and accommodation. Initiative is essential and finds scope. Write for particulars to The Secretary, Fellowship House, Haverhill, Ltd., at 29 Great James Street, London, W.C.1.

NATIONAL Association of Mixed Clubs and Girls' Clubs requires a Warden for Avon Tyrrell, Hampshire, a holiday, conference and training centre. Post vacant in January. Salary £350 plus board and accommodation. Post requires leadership, initiative and resource. Experience of youth work and household management essential. Application forms from the Employment Officer, 30 Devonshire Street, London, W.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

YOUTH Leader (male) reqd. for Jewish Club in North London area. Salary according to qualifics. and exper. Applicants will be needed to attend the Club on every night of week excl. Friday and Saturday. Write full partics. to Box 474.

PART-time boys' club leader required for mixed youth club and junior boys' club in North Kensington three or four evenings each week. For details apply to Box 494.

SALESMEN required by Heal & Son, Ltd., 196 Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1, for Soft Furnishing, Electrical, Kitchen Equipment and Hardware Departments. Applications in writing stating age and experience, to Staff Officer.

SECRETARY. The Curator of the National Film Archive requires services of experienced private secretary. Apply by letter to 164 Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2.

EDITOR wants part-time clerical help, 18 hours weekly for £3. Write, "Envoy," 48 Strand, London, W.C.2.

GYNÆCOLOGIST requires intelligent secretary. Interesting 5-day week. Michael Hemans. WELbeck 1964.

WOMAN Physics Grad. reqd. early Jan. for perm. part-time wk. W.1. Box 505.

COPYRIGHT Assistant for Music Publishers. State qualifications, etc., to Mills Music, Ltd., 20 Denmark St., W.C.2.

SCHOLAR living 15 mls. Cambridge needs Sec. Assist. Work interesting, varied. Typing essen., ability drive car useful. Accom. offd., incl. room for dependant. Box 481.

SECRETARY, three days a week, for Design Office in Chelsea. Box 407.

SPANISH/English Shorthand-Typist required for permanent position. Knowledge of French and Portuguese an advantage. Five-day week; canteen facilities, and a social and sports club. Apply initially in writing: Personnel Officer, May & Baker Ltd., Dagenham, Essex, quoting ref. 154.

NOT so young and even undeniably elderly applicants (m. & f.) nevertheless do find work through the Stella Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. TRAfalgar 9090.

TELEPHONIST/filing clerk, ability to type and knowledge of German an advantage. Box 381.

ACCLAIMED for over 75 years for personal co-operation! Incomparable selection from thousands superior male/female permanent office staff posts. Temporary posts! Highest fees in London, continual work. Best firms. Ellison Gower Employment Specialists, 147 Oxford St. Per. Dept. GER. 3551/2. Temp. Dept. GER. 9451/2.

CLERKS (up to 40) of good education reqd. for numerous attract. posts frequently avail. at Burnett Bureau, 77 Dean St., W.1.

OUR "Hand-Picked" Secretaries get the plum jobs. No fees. Wigmore Agency, 67 Wigmore St., W.1. HUN. 9951/2/3.

COMPANION/driver required for disabled widow in early sixties. Some nursing experience. Good home and salary. Liberal free time. Resident housekeeper. Box 422.

ADULT Education Centre seeks member of house-team with experience of dairy farming. To start immediately if poss. Apply Secretary, Braziers Park, Ipsden, Oxford.

MARRIED Cple., wife cook, used to numbers or Asst. Cook; husband maint. man. Lovely country; bungalow accom. Box 261.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

MATHEMATICIAN: Past five years University Lecturer. High School experience and diploma. Ex-officer. I.Q. 160 Versatile. Fluent Spanish. Fair French and Portuguese. Strongly opposed to discrimination on grounds of colour or race. Go anywhere and would consider interesting non-academic post. Apply P.O. Box 4861, Johannesburg, S. Africa.

AN Indian, 30, graduate commerce and law, completed Personnel Management Course (R.T.C., Glasgow), in management of big Dairy firm in India, eight years industrial experience, thorough in office procedures, seeks appointment anywhere. Offers to Box 479.

EDITORIAL/illustration work sought by young woman artist. Experienced research, library work. Historical knowl. Box 507.

COMMERCIAL Manager, with works experience of non-ferrous metals and of domestic and overseas trading in metal products, seeks position where Labour candidature acceptable; London area. Box 277.

FATAL combination (woman arts graduate) young, hard-working, tired of typing jobs with no scope, seeks post where able to prove capabilities before old age sets in. Box 398.

£6-£12. Interesting posts. Call at once. Mayfair Secretarial College, 57 Duke St., W.1. MAYfair 6626.

MARRIED woman solicitor wants part-time work in London. Prefers human problems to conveyancing. Box 537.

WELL-EDUCATED girl, 24, seeks interesting, non-commercial post. Fluent French, Spanish, English sh./typing. Box 606.

WOMAN writer sks. pt.-time wk., odd hrs. welc. Highly trained journalist, expd. research worker, perfect French. Box 336.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

MAN with good understanding of English wishes to use this knowledge in commercial outlet or literary work. Box 483.

MARRIED woman graduate seeks part-time work, temp. or permanent. Teaching experience, knowledge Far East; interests, literature, psychology, the arts. Box 328.

FREE January '56. Translator. French, German, Russian, Spanish. English, mother tongue. Anything consid. Box 232.

EMPLOYERS requiring well-trained junior secretary/shorthand typists are invited to apply to the Langham Secretarial College, 18 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, W.1. Tel. MAYfair 2905.

PERSONAL

EDITOR'S widow, many interests, no "isms," seeks reasonably priced, comfortable accommodation, Jan. to March, Med. coast, France. Some level walking. English Library available. Suggestions gratefully accepted. Box 581.

TUITION wanted for G.C.E. Advanced level in Chemistry, Physics, Biology. Reply Box 348.

WORKING mother with 18-mths. child seeks responsible kindly person to look after her occasional days, 9.30-5.30. Might suit retd. school-mistress. PAR. 6925 after 7.

2-rm. s/c. furn. flat, modernised cottage, N. Notts village, large garden, lovely countryside, expenses, for day care boy 9 part hols. (4 mos. ann.). Complete independence w'ends, 5 days Xmas, Easter, 6 wks. summer. Suit 1-2 students/tchers. Box 557.

CONTINENTAL type Potter's Wheel. £5 10s. Viewable Edgware. Box 556.

COSTA Brava. Villas and Flats to let. Dr. Cooper, Blanes, Gerona, Spain.

REQUIRED for cash, the complete contents of a large boarding-house, hotel or private residence. Good quality furniture, etc., only required. 'Phone BAY. 7224.

MAY I contribute to your rates, if you have a spare B/sit. & are not an ord. land-lady? Yg. prof. man/car wishes to be P.G. Wimbledon, Sutton, Epsom. Box 408.

SPANISH lessons wanted in afternoons, near Baker Street. Box 8916, c/o Darbys, 24 Blackfriars Lane, London, E.C.4.

TELEVISION: We wish to buy original ideas for TV plays. One page, preferably humorous—no crime. Script Plays Ltd., 63 Jermyn Street, W.1.

GUITAR-Players (incl. beginners) are invited to week-end course, Nov. 11, at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon; also Pottery.

HIGHGATE. New Writers' Club meets Oct. 31. Box 504.

AU pair. French girl, 19, sks. 6 mths. London. Fond children. Twemlow, 68 Mill Hill Rd., Norwich.

ENGLISHWOMAN living Kensington desires exchange conversational language, practice with Italian, Monday evgs. Box 387.

GUITAR Lessons. Chesnakov, 48a Cathcart Rd., S.W.10. FLA. 4354.

ALL A.L.R.A. lapsed subscribers are earnestly requested to send upwards of 2s. 6d. as proof of support in a united effort to put its Abortion Bill on the Statute Book. Address to Mrs. Alice Jenkins, 53 Gloucester Terrace, London, W.2.

MONTE Carlo. To Let, Bed-sitting room flat, sea view, use Bath, Kitchen, service, 8,000 frcs. each month. References—French lessons available. Box 547.

MUSIC/Discuss. Group Streatham. Apply: Squibb, 82 Knollys Rd., S.W.16.

HOLIDAY Organisation extending its programme wishes to hear from (a) Managers of inexpensive hotels, Guest houses, etc., offering accom. (b) Owners of property considering entering the hotel business. Details to Box 312.

YOUNG man, 25, seeks companion (m.) hol. London Dec. 23-Jan. 2. Box 288.

BADMINTON Club near Baker St. has vacancies. 'Phone Field End 9370.

LADY seeks another willing exch. French for English conversation. Box 366.

TAPE Recorder for sale, T.K.9, 1955, £45. Box 585.

WOULD anyone like to join Ski-ing party? Reasonable terms. GLA. 2767.

TO let in exchange 15 hours gardening weekly, Studio Oast & 3 rooms in ancient barn Kent, 30 mls. Lond. Elec. Elsan. 2 adults, unsuitable children. Box 500.

AMATEUR Painters! Exhibit your works in the National Amateur Art Exhibition at the R.B.A. Galleries. Sending-in day, December 1. Forms from "The Artist," 51 Piccadilly, W.1.

PHYSIOTHERAPY. Massage, relaxing and stimulating Nerve Treatment, Osteopathy, Manipulation. The Nerve Centre, 1 Bentinck St., London, W.1. Tel. WELbeck 9600. Ask for brochure.

INTERESTING Autumn holidays. Stratford Theatre Weekends October 21 and Nov. 18. Vienna Opera party Nov. 12. Sunshine holidays in Madeira, Sicily, Southern Spain. Details from Erna Low, 47(NS) Old Brompton Rd., S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

PERSONAL—continued

WINTER Sports. My 1955/6 Winter booklet contains a variety of inexpensive arrangements at the best Austrian, Swiss, Italian, French and Norwegian centres. Easy travel via short sea route. Snowsports sleepers at 1gn., couchettes 19s. 13 days' holiday from 23½gns. Write for free booklet now: Erna Low, 47(NS) Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

FILM Training Unit. Full prof. training. Group Two now forming. Heatherleys, 33 Warwick Square, S.W.1. VIC. 6077.

CONSOLIDATE your French. Group meets for Literary & Topical discussion one evening a week in Wimbledon house. WIM. 0568.

TYPEWRITER, Remington Good Companion portable, as new, list price £27—for sale 19gns. 'Phone FORest Hill 1374.

ASSIST the severely disabled, buy your Xmas cards from the Invalid Tricycle Association. Sample set 3s. 6d for 12 cards & envs. I.T.A., Rivaz Place, London, E.9.

STUDENT (f.) invites similar, English, French or Spanish, to share quiet study surroundings in comf. home 15 mins. Waterloo. Mod. charge board & room. Box 353.

YOUNG Anglo-French couple, modern outlook, wide interests, invite cultured couples, also single ladies and gentlemen, to form small informal disc. group. Box 385.

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"HERESY and Conspiracy" is the title of an essay by Professor Julius Stone which appears in No. 62 of "Meanjin," Australia's literary quarterly. Other articles include: "Academic Freedom," by Professor A. C. Fox, "Thoughts on the Bandung Conference," by Dr. Victor Purcell, "Bela Bartók's Rôle in the Renaissance of Western Music," by Dr. Edvi-Illés, "The Problem of Ethics for Twentieth Century Man," by Miss Kathleen Nott. Short stories, poetry. 160 pp. 30*s*. stg. a year. University of Melbourne.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

TH. Royal, Stratford, E.15. The Sheep Well. Tue.-Fri., 7.45. Sats.: 5.30 & 8.30. Oct. 25, "Good Soldier Schweik."

TOWER Theatre, Canonbury (nr. Islington Town Hall). Tavistock Rep. Co. Tonight Fri. & to-morrow, last 2 nights of "Mr. Maypole." Next production "The Living Room," by Graham Greene. Opens Fri., Oct. 28. Also Sat. 29, Sun. 30 (mems. only), Thurs., Nov. 3, Fri. 4, Sat. 5, at 7.30. Seats 2s., 3s. 6d., 5s., all bookable. Ring CAN. 5111 after 7.

NEW Lindsey. BAY. 2512. Evs. ex. Mon. at 8. Sun. 5 & 8. Fr. Oct. 28. "The Short Spring," new comedy by Toni Block. Mems.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Gorki Trilogy Entire. Until Oct. 23. Part 1: "The Childhood of Maxim Gorki" (A). From Oct. 24: Part 2: "My Apprenticeship" (U).

NATIONAL Film Th., 8th Bank. WAT. 3232. Sat., Oct. 22. Montgomery Clift & Anne Baxter in "I Confess" (A). Dir.: Alfred Hitchcock. 2, 4, 6, 8. Open to public.

ROYAL Festival Hall. Sat. Oct. 29, 2.30. "Nature's Dominion," Mervyn Cowie's colour film of African wild-life. WAT. 3191.

ROXY Rep. Cinema. BAY. 2345, Oct. 23, Pane, Vino & Phantasia (A), Italian.

UNITY: "The Road to Life," by Anton Makarenko. Fri., Sat., Sun., at 7.45. Membership 2s. 6d. a year. EUS. 5391.

UNITED Nations Day will be celebrated jointly by Asian Film Society and United Nations Association on Sun. Oct. 23, 6 p.m. at Scala Theatre, W.1. Programme includes two outstanding films "Mahatma" in English from India and "Children of Hiroshima" (X) from Japan. Tickets in advance 2s., 3s., 4s. and 6s. mems. Apply Asian Film Socy., 11 Greek St., W.1. Ger. 0073/0287.

PROGRAMME of Art Films at Geffrye Museum, Kingsland Road, E.2, on Oct. 23 at 2.30 and 4 p.m. "Braque" and "World Without End."

LEWISHAM Film Soc. Hit. 5422. Unitarian Hall, next Cent. Library. Oct. 22, 7.15. "Children of Hiroshima." Guests 3s.

WINTER Sports Film Show & Party, November 3, 6 p.m., Royal Empire Society, Northumberland Avenue, W.C.2 (entrance Craven St.). Come & get new ideas for your Winter Sports Holiday. Entrance to Film Show free. Tickets for buffet 6s. from Erna Low Travel Service, 47(NSF) Old Brompton Rd., S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Dancing to Norman Jackson's Noveltones, Sat., Oct. 22, 8-11 p.m. Members 3s. and their guests 5s.

INTERNATIONAL Friendship League C.I.B. Dance, Sat., Oct. 22, 7.30-11. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. Tkts. 4s.

CONCERTS

ROYAL Festival Hall. Wed., Oct. 26, at 5.45. Catharine Crozier—Organ Recital Wks. Bach, Langlais, Messiaen, Liszt. WAT. 3191 & Agts.

WIGMORE Hall. Fri., Oct. 28, at 7.30. Else Cross (Pianoforte) & Rosemary Rapaport (Violin). Works by John Burton, Matthew Camidge, Leopold Spinner (1st perf.), Gottfried Einem, Beethoven, Schubert. 9s., 6s., 3s., Hall (Wel. 2141) & Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd. (Wel. 8418.)

RECITAL 17th & 18th Century Music. Liceselotte Braendle (Harpsichord), Beatrice Roland (Soprano), Wed., Oct. 26, 7.30, Arts Council, 4 St. James's Sq. S.W.1. Tkts. 3s. from Anglo-Austrian Music Soc., 139 Ken. High St., W.8. (WES. 9003) and at door.

THE following free concerts will be held at the Horniman Museum, London Rd., Forest Hill, S.E.23, on Wednesday evenings at 7.45 p.m. October 26: Early English Songs, Folk Songs and German Lieder, Esther Salaman (mezzo-soprano), accompanied by Paul Hamburger. November 2: Trinidad Steel Drums and their Music, by the Trinidad Steel Band, led by Theodore Stephens. November 9: Dances and Music of the 16th Century. A talk, with demonstrations in costume, on some early dances of England, France and Italy, on which present-day ballet forms are based. Nathalie Dolmetsch. Music directed by Carl Dolmetsch, C.B.E. November 16: Classical Indian Music, vocal and instrumental, arranged by Mrs. S. Warran. Three Dances from Manipur, Vasanti Asirvatham Selver. November 23: Wood-wind Music of the 18th and Early 19th Centuries on Instruments of the Period, James MacGillivray, oboe and clarinet; Richard Tayler, recorder and flute; Alan Cave, bassoon; Joan Rimmer, Harpsichord and piano. November 30: Wood-wind Music of the late 19th and 20th Centuries, Aubrey Johnson, oboe; Peter Allen, clarinet; Val Kennedy, bassoon; Leonard Rafter, piano. Seats may be reserved at any of these concerts on application to the curator. (1329.)

LEYGRAF. Leading Swedish Pianist. At 3 Tomorrow (Sun.). Wigmore Hall. Haydn, Mozart, Schubert Sonatas, Nielsen. 10s., 6s., 3s. Mgt. N. Choveaux.

BRITISH-Soviet Friendship Month Opening event, 3 p.m., Sun., Nov. 6, Stoll Theatre, Kingsway, W.C.2. H. E. Soviet Ambassador, L. Kogan (violin), E. Malinin (piano). Res. tckts. B.S.F.S., 36 Spencer St., E.C.1. 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d.

CONCERTS—continued

APOLLO Society Recitals of Poetry and Music. Royal Festival Hall Recital Room. Sundays at 7.45. Oct. 23—Reading of his own Poems by John Betjeman. Nov. 13—Edith Evans, Stephen Murray (readers), Terence Beckles (piano). Dec. 4—Flora Robson, Robert Harris (readers), Kyla Greenbaum (piano). Tkts.: 8s., 5s., 3s. WAT 3191.

ROYAL Festival Hall. Sun, Oct. 30, at 3 p.m. Smetana Quartet—the Chamber Music Ensemble of the Czech Philharmonic Orchestra. Quartets in F, Op. 18, No. 1 Beethoven; No. 2, Janacek; in E minor, Smetana. WAT. 3191 & Agts.

ST. Cecilia Trio. Piano Trios by Mozart, Beethoven, Brahms. Royal Festival Hall Recital Rm. Sat. Oct. 22, 8.15. WAT. 3191.

INDO-British musical evening. Sidney Harrison, Solo Piano, Anna Pollak, Mezzo-soprano (by permission of Sadlers Wells Opera Co.). with Paul Hamburger at piano, John Hasted, Indian musicians and singers. Monday, October 24 at 7.30 p.m. Caxton Hall, Caxton Street, S.W.1. Tickets 2s. 6d. from India League, 47 Strand, W.C.2 (TRA. 6465), and at door.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. 6d., post free.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. Sculpture by Germaine Richier. Until November 5.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions: The Story of Pharmacy; Child Welfare Through the Ages; The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Mon.-Friday. Adm. Free.

CHINESE Prints Exhib.—Collet's Gallery, 45 Museum St., W.C.1. Open till Oct. 29, week-days 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. Sats. 4 p.m.

ZWEMMER Gall., 26 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Rec. Pntgs., Julian Trevelyan, Kathleen Allen. Oct. 18-Nov. 9. 10-6, Sats. 10-1.

"DESIGN for Sleep." Heal's bedding specialities for individual needs. Extra wide and long beds, firm mattresses, soft mattresses, space-saving beds, etc. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18, Old Bond St., W.1. Francois Desnoyer—First major London Exhibition. 10-5.30. Sat. 10-12.30.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. Eight Painters. Until November 5. Mon-Fri., 10.30-6, Sat., 10.30-1. Admission 6d.

GIMPEL Fils. 50 South Molton St., W.1. John Forrester — Constructions. John Levee—Paintings.

STEUBEN Glass Exhibition Designs by Epstein, Sutherland, Dobson, Piper, Matisse, Cocteau, etc. Park Lane House (facing Dorchester Hotel entrance). Wkdays., 11-7, Sun., 2-7.

THE Renel Gallery, Burlington Arcade. Pastels by Helen Wilson. Oct. 11-29.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Michael Ayrton: an exhibition of paintings, drawings, sculpture, book illustration and stage design, 1944-1955. Week days 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

BOHEMIAN Glass, Tea Centre, 22 Regent St. 10-6, Sun. 2.30-6. Adm. Free.

ARCHER Gallery, 303 Westbourne Grove, W.11. Paintings & Drawings by Austin Osman Spare. Oct. 25-Nov. 26. Tues.-Sat. 10-5, Sun. 2-5.

OHANA Gallery, 13 Carlos Place, Grosvenor Square, W.1. Exhibition of recent works by Jane Lane; also French Impressionists. Daily 10-6. Saturdays 10-1.

GAUGUIN Paintings, Sculpture & Engravings. Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Closes October 26. Weekdays 10-8. Sun. 2-6. Admission 1s. 6d.

A GERMAN Book Exhibition will take place in the rooms of the National Book League, 7 Albemarle St., W.1, from October 25 to November 5. Open week-days 10 a.m. to 6.30 p.m. Admission free.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

MATTHIESEN Gallery—First London Exhibition. Angel Segurado. Oct. 14-29. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1. 142 New Bond Street, W.1.

BRITISH Watercolours & Drawings from the Gilbert Davis Collection (Second Series). Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Closes Oct. 22. Fri., Sat., 10-6. Admission Free.

A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle Street, Leics. Sq. Contemporary Trends. Also Pictures for Hire. 11-6. Saturdays inc.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

"PROSPECT of Reform in the New Parliament" is the subject for discussion at a meeting to be held on Wednesday, Oct. 26, Conway Hall, W.C.1, at 7 p.m., by the Abortion Law Reform Association. M.P. supporters of its Abortion Bill will give their views. Annual Gen. Meeting will be at 6.15.

DR. Leon Roth, F.B.A., on "Some Reflections on the Interpretation of Scripture"—Annual Claude Montefiore Lecture, Wednesday, October 26, at 8.15 p.m., at Montefiore Hall, Liberal Jewish Synagogue, 28 St. John's Wood Road, N.W.8 (opp. Lord's Cricket Ground). All welcome.

PERSONALIST Group. J. A. Skinner on "Aims and Prospects of the Third War." Conway Hall, Thurs., Oct. 27, at 7.30 p.m.

LECTURES at Geffrye Museum, Kingsland Road, E.2. Oct. 25, at 7 p.m. "19th Century Furniture," by Peter Floud. Nov. 1, at 7 p.m., "20th Century Furniture," by Sir Gordon Russell.

ADLERIAN Society of Gt. Britain. "Retrospect & Prospect," Inaugural Lecture by Dr. N. R. Beattie, 7.45 p.m. Thurs., Oct. 27, at Friends House, Euston Rd., N.W.1. Non-mems. 2s. Study Courses start Nov. Enqs. Sec., 6 Colchester Drive, Pinner.

SCHOPENHAUER Society, Caxton Hall, 7.45 p.m., Thurs., Oct. 27: "Schopenhauer on Christianity." Admission free.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns., W.11. PARk 7379. Fri., Oct. 21, 8 p.m. Prof. Grabar (Collège de France), "Ikons" (with slides). Tues., Oct. 25, 8 p.m. Richard Glas, Piano Recital (Beethoven, Moussorgsky). Fri., Oct. 28, 8 p.m., Impressions of Russia by a group of recent visitors.

UNITED Nations Tenth Anniversary, Mon. Oct. 24. Ritchie Calder will speak at U.N.A. meeting, S. Hampstead High School, 3 Maresfie'd Gdns., N.W.3. 8.15 p.m. Adm. free.

DEPENDENT Peoples' Freedom Day. Commemorative Social and Dance, 7.30 p.m., Saturday, October 29, 1955, at Transport House, Smith Square, London, S.W.1. Asian Cabaret including dancing and music. Tickets, price 1s. 6d., obtainable from the Acting Secretary, British-Asian Socialist Fellowship, Transport House, Smith Square, London, S.W.1, or at door.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8, at 6 p.m., October 29: M. Michel Le Louarn (Alliance Française) "La jeunesse française d'aujourd'hui et les courants de pensee."

"IS the British Worker Lazy?"—A Court of Inquiry. Come and give your evidence for and against. Thurs., Oct. 27, 8 p.m. Maida Vale High School, Elgin Av., W.9. Arranged by the Communist Party.

J. B. COATES, "The Spirit of the Age." Oct. 23, 11 a.m., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Adm. free. Free copy "Monthly Record" on request.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High Street, W.8. Sunday, October 23. 6.30 Music & Readings. 7 p.m. H. J. Blackham: "Leaves of Grass" after a Hundred Years.

INDIAN Inst. of Culture, London Br., Fri., 8.30, Oct. 28. Jonathan Boswell: "Some Impressions of Indian Village Life." 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2, off Leinster Sq.

"NEUROTIC Life Styles and Personal Growth." E. Burchett, Hampstead Ethical Soc., 39 Priory Rd., N.W.6. Sat., Oct. 22, 2.45.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. October. Mon., 24, 8 p.m. Jazz: A lecture on "The Trumpet Playing of Henry Allen," by Hector Stuart, with recordings. Mems. 1s. 6d., guests 2s. 6d. Tues., 25, 8.15 p.m. Mass Communications I, lecture on "Fashion and Fashion Magazines," by Toni del Renzio. Chairman: Lawrence Alloway. Mems. 2s., Guests 3s., Wed., 26, 8.15. Discussion: An ill. report of exhibits at the Halsinborg Festival, 1955, by Erno Goldfinger and Paul Reilly. Chair.: J. R. M. Brumwell. Mems. 2s., Guests 3s. Thurs., 27, 8.15. Ill. lecture. English Art Movements of 1890-1950, III, "English Post Impressionism," by Prof. Alan Clutton-Brock. Chair: Neville Wallace. Mems. 3s., Gsts. 4s.

NEW Horizons for International Co-operation. Laurie Pavitt: "South-East Asia —Co-operation and the Village Community." Wed., Oct. 26, 7.30. Swedenborg Hall, Bloomsbury Way, W.C.1. Free. London Co-operative Societies' Joint Educ. Cttee.

"THE Bomb—Challenge & Answer" (Batsford 25s.). "A blue print for survival . . ." James Cameron ("News Chronicle"). Hear the authors, Bertrand Russell, Lord Beveridge, Prof. Alex. Haddow, Henry Usborne, M.P., Gilbert McAllister with the Rt. Hon. Clement Davies, Q.C., M.P., presiding, at Central Hall, Westminster, Wed., Nov. 9, at 6.30 for 7 p.m. Admission free. Reserved seats 2s. 6d. from Parliamentary Association for World Government, 21 Hampstead Lane, Highgate Village, N.6.

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture on "The Chantecler Legend" will be given by Professor U. T. Holmes (North Carolina) at 5.30 p.m. on October 25 at University of London, Senate House, W.C.1. Admission free, without ticket.

HEINRICH Boell will read from his own works on the occasion of the German Book Exhibition in London, at Brown's Hotel, Dover Street, W.1, on Wed., Oct. 26, at 8 p.m. Admission free.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society: "The Labour Party Conference," Barbara Castle, M.P., Wed., Oct. 26, 7.30, St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. Visitors welcome. 2s.

THE British Asthma Association invites you to a Lecture by Dr. F. J. Prime, M.D., Senior Lecturer, Institute of Diseases of the Chest, Brompton, on "Some Aspects of Inhalation Therapy," at Wellcome Research Instn., Euston Rd., Oct. 27, 7 p.m. Hon. Sec., Lon. Br., 67 Haldon Rd., S.W.18. VAN 3596.

CLUB International, 250 Camden Rd. "The Wish to be Someone." Authoress of "Journey into Fog" speaks on Adolescent Problems. Tues., Oct. 25, 7.30 p.m.

ALL Nations Social Club. "The Four Power Talks" by K. Zilliacus, M.P. (Lab.), Wed., Oct. 26, at 8 p.m., at 83 Chiltern St. (nr. Baker St. Stn.). Questions & discussion. Non-members 1s. 6d. at door.

"THE National Health Service, How Can It Be Defended, Improved and Extended?" The Rt. Hon. Aneurin Bevan, M.P., Dr. Horace Joules, Dr. S. Leff. Chair: Dr. David Stark Murray. Conference 10 a.m. to 1 p.m., 2 p.m. to 5 p.m. Saturday, October 29, Battersea Town Hall, London, S.W.11. Tkts. 2s. 6d. Socialist Medical Assocn., 86 Rochester Row, London, S.W.1.

SOVIET Medicine. Dr. B. McPherson on Tuberculosis. Dr. J. D. Kershaw on Child Health. Chair: Dr. Alice Stewart. Fri., Oct. 28, 8 p.m. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Squ., W.8. Adm. 1s. 6d. (S.C.R. 1s.).

FORWARD from Defeat. Fabian Autumn Lectures. Crosland, Crossman, Dalton, Strachey. Livingstone Hall, November 2, 9, 16, 23. Details 11, Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

BAHA'I Centre, 27 Rutland Gate, S.W.7. Public Meeting 8 p.m., Thur., Oct. 27. "The Road through Chaos."

"TOLERANCE" lecture by Rev. W. W. Simpson, M.A., Secretary of Council of Christians & Jews to Business & Professional Women's Group of Federation of Women Zionists on Tuesday, Oct. 25, at 8 p.m. at 107 Gloucester Pl., W.1. Adm. free.

SHAW Society: "Shaw & Garden Cities," by C. B. Purdom; chair.: J. F. Horrabin. 7 Albemarle St., W.1. Oct. 28, 6.45. Non-members 2s.

SOCIETY or Psychical Research. Gabriel Marcel will give the 12th Myers Memorial Lecture on "My First Encounters with Parapsychological Facts and their bearing on Philosophy" at 6.30 p.m. on October 26 at Caxton Hall (Great Hall), Caxton Street, Westminster. Open to the public. Adm. free.

YOGA Practice Society. The following Sunday afternoon lectures will be held during the Autumn Session: Oct. 23, "The Spine and your Health" by R. Gerald Cooper, D.C.; Nov. 13, "Something about Zen" by Mme. G. Latour; Nov. 27, "Responsibility and Yoga" by Dr. E. Graham Howe. All lectures start at 3 p.m. Apply for admission card to Sec., 6 Cadogan Gardens, S.W.3.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gdns. W.2. Public lect. Sun. 8 p.m. Oct. 23: Man—Creator of his Fate.

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